

MEMOIRS
OF
M. DE BRINBOC:
CONTAINING
SOME VIEWS
OF
ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SOCIETY.

“ Je fais qu’il est indubitable
Que pour former œuvre parfait,
Il faudrait se donner au diable
Et c’est ce que je n’ai pas fait.”

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MEMOIRS

OF

M. DE BRINBOC.

CHAP. I.

THE man who is forced to fly his country, not through any misconduct of his own, but by the power of inevitable misfortunes, is commonly much more inclined to reflect on what he has just quitted, than to enjoy the prospects which now open on him for the first time. Such was the situation of M. de

Brinboc, after he had crossed the boundary which separates France from the territory of the German empire. It was in vain that his servant Fulgence endeavoured to point out to him the beautiful scenery of the rich and picturesque country between Frankfort and Gellhausen ; it was to no purpose that this affectionate domestic of tried fidelity, strove to affect an appearance of gaiety, which, however congenial to his disposition in other times, was much abated by his own and his master's misfortunes. Brinboc surveyed the beauties that nature offered to his view, and listened to the prattle of Fulgence with as much attention as a man might be supposed to possess, whose thoughts were incessantly reverting to objects from which he was separated, perhaps for ever. Cruel words ! would he exclaim ; man, finite in all his other earthly relations, only begins to feel the
power

power of eternity when he thinks that an everlasting separation severs him from all that he loves best. He would then call upon reason and religion, and their respective filiations, to come to his assistance in virtue of ancient treaties; his allies never attempted to insinuate a doubt of the propriety of the claim, but then their march was so orderly, their proceedings so systematic, and their mode of succouring so slow, that the skirmishers and light troops of the enemy made many a predatory incursion, and often spread alarm even in Brinboc's head-quarters before he could muster force sufficient to drive them out. This is one of the great inconveniences attendant on a defensive war. There was one auxiliary whom Brinboc never thought of, and who still was constantly at work in his service; he asked for no subsidy, because he was sure to

pay himself at length ; but it was Brinboc's fate to have only friends who were tardy in their motions, and he did not yet feel that time would do more for him than he was then aware of. His ills were not of an imaginary kind ; he had not conjured up phantoms and bugbears to disturb his repose ; it was not his disposition, and, had it been, fortune would have saved him that trouble : we rarely feel fancied and real evils at the same time.

The first event which marked the progress of time in Brinboc's memory, was the death of his mother ; and he was often heard to say, that the loss was greater than his tender age then allowed him to be conscious of, or than he now chose to reflect on. A brother and a sister had been torn from him by a premature dissolution ; by that cruel disorder which commonly selects for its victims

victims the young and the innocent ; they had dropped into the grave still adorned with beauty, and scarcely aware that they had been abandoned by health. One sister still survived ; she was heir to all those feelings of affection that had once been shared among many. Eugenie was the youngest, and had been the companion of Brinboc's childish and playful days ; he had left her ; he had saved himself, and left her exposed to danger : but he had only done so when every argument and every effort had been tried without success to induce her to participate in that security which was imperfect and cheerless to her brother, when he considered that it did not extend to her for whom he would have joyfully risked his existence. To explain this mystery, it will be necessary to remark, that the period of time at which these Memoirs commence, was

precisely that moment when France, his native country, had undergone that terrible concussion which annihilated an ancient monarchy, and threatened ruin to every thing connected with it. Brin-boc's family was noble, though, like many of the same order in the province of Brittany, not opulent ; and by being a younger son, he had become a knight of Malta at the recommendation of his father. This worthy man, undistinguished by any qualities but those of which the world often talks, and never remunerates, honour and probity, had paid the debt of nature at an advanced age in Paris, where he had resided many years, on account of the education of his children, and as he did not live to witness the horrors with which his country was afflicted, nor the calamities which befel his own race, his lot was rather to be envied than regretted. His eldest son
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and daughter did not survive him a twelvemonth. Thus did Brinboc, at the age of twenty-three, find himself at the head of a family of which he was one of the youngest branches a year before, and in that character guardian of the fair and gentle Eugenie. The revolutionary storms did not pass over his head without leaving traces of their ravages; the greater part of his income, being derived from the funds, shared the common fate of that species of property; and the order of Malta being suppressed, he lost a benefice accruing to him from that institution, without ever receiving a farthing of indemnification for it, because the nation, like other debtors, no doubt, forgot to comply with its promises. The privations occasioned by this diminution of fortune only slightly affected Brinboc and his sister, for it is one of the privileges of the virtuous that their wants are

less numerous than those of the profligate. But every day now produced evils to which it was impossible for such persons to be insensible : the corrupt, the abandoned, and the desperate part of the community were visibly gaining the ascendancy ; and, in an equal proportion, the pacific and virtuous were subject to the persecution of those who could not awe them into an acquiescence with their guilt, or into a participation of their enormities.

Not a week passed over in which they had not to deplore the commission of some atrocious deed, or the departure of some acquaintance who was driven into exile in order to escape a greater misfortune. It has been Brinboc's principle to keep aloof from those scenes where egregious faults, to say no more, had been common to all parties. Had he only to look to himself, it is possible that at his time
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of life, with a warm heart and undaunted courage, this resolution might not have been acted up to ; but there was one whose quiet and safety were infinitely more precious to him than his own, with whose protection he was peculiarly and exclusively entrusted, and he sacrificed the emotions of irritated feelings, to a duty that was paramount with him to all other considerations. At length that faction to whose insatiable fury France was about to be delivered up, gained a complete victory over its rivals on the fatal 10th of August 1792. It was in the village of Fontenaye-Aux-Roses, on the night of that memorable day, as Brinboc and Eugenie were sitting at a late hour, after the rest of the family had retired to seek for that repose which they dreaded might be interrupted by the arrival of banditti or assassins, while conversing on the horrible events

that would convey its history in bloody characters to the most remote posterity ; it was under that additional gloom and depression which night throws over the recital of terrific occurrences, that they heard a feeble rap at the outer gate ; they listened a while, and the knock was repeated, but seemingly with a more tremulous touch. “ I will see who it is,” exclaimed Brinboc. “ For God’s sake take care,” said the gentle Eugenie. “ I must know who it is,” replied her brother, as he took up a candlestick in one hand, and his sword in the other, and proceeded through the court-yard. On approaching the gate, he asked who was there, and the stranger answered, “ Let me in, for heaven’s sake, or I shall perish at your door.”— Brinboc no longer hesitated, but unlocked the gate, and was struck with the appearance of a pale, ghastly figure,
with

with dishevelled locks, and attired in such rags as a beggar would scarcely wear. But before the other could speak, he discovered the features of the Baron de T. an officer of the Swiss guards, and his most intimate friend. “Hush,” said Brinboc, “I know your story.—You are safe;—walk in.” He then led the Baron to the house, not without extinguishing the light, for fear of being perceived by any of the neighbours, who on such occasions are often no better than spies. He then called to his sister in a low voice, not to be under any alarm, and he prepared to afford his friend the comfort and relief of which he was in need. This was not little: the Baron had been wounded at the head of his company, in defending the Thuilleries from its assailants; and, when he and his companions in arms had been forced to fall back before the multitude

of besiegers, had taken refuge in a cellar, from which he crept as soon as it was dark, after exchanging clothes with a negro, who was too much a gainer by the barter to make any difficulties. He had still a great obstacle to surmount, in the attempting of which his life ran great danger ; this was to pass the turnpikes, which were closely watched, and that without a passport; but he had the good fortune to come to the *barriere d'Enfer* precisely at the moment that a party of *Marseillais* were also going out, proud of their sanguinary exploits, and making the most hideous vociferations; he joined as well as he could in their yells and howlings, and imitating their tyger-like gestures, passed through unquestioned and unobserved. He had yet near two leagues to walk, and he had not taken any sustenance for sixteen hours, but the man whose
kind

kind stars have never allowed him to be under the necessity of flying for his life, is not conscious of the exertions of which he is capable. However, the Baron performed his journey, notwithstanding his long fasting and his wound, which latter was not a violent one, and he reached Fontenay, though not before his strength was almost entirely exhausted.

CHAP. II.

BRINBOC and Eugenie were unwearied in their cares and attention towards their unfortunate guest, and in solacing his ills they forgot for a moment the misery of others, and the dangers which threatened themselves. But this calm was not of long duration. On the evening of the fourth day after the Baron's arrival, a person called at the house and desired to speak to Brinboc ; this personage proved to be the mayor of the village, an honest sort of man, who came to tell Brinboc that he had been spoken of in the club, the night before, as one who harboured suspicious persons ; and the mayor added, that he had since reason to believe

believe that an information had been lodged against him with the *commune* of Paris ; he then retired, beseeching Brinboc to ensure his safety by a speedy retreat, as his life might be the forfeit of his indiscretion. Brinboc well knew the crime he had been guilty of ; but then who could have revealed it ? The Baron had been admitted at an hour when no one in the house could have seen him, and he had kept him hidden from all eyes, except those of Eugenie, ever since his arrival. The fact was, that in a moment of forgetfulness the unfortunate Swift had looked out of the window, and had been spied by the gardener, a good patriot, whose suspicions were thus roused, and he was proud of the opportunity of signalizing his zeal, by denouncing his master to the club, of which he was a member. Brinboe, immediately after his conference with the mayor, fled to the Baron, and communicated

municated to him the danger which menaced them both. The grateful Swiss was agonized when he reflected, that his best friend and kind protector might be on the point of ruin, for having afforded him an asylum which he would vainly have sought for elsewhere. The gentle Eugenie too might also become the victim of her humanity. But this was no time for professions of regret or affection; and even had he attempted them, his heart was too full of those feelings to be able to give them utterance; but his looks spoke for him,—they expressed all his anguish. He had recourse once more to those tattered shreds which had before favoured his escape, and he left the mansion of hospitality, not as he had entered it, but with the additional load of having been perhaps the cause of his friend's destruction. Brinboç had not a moment to deliberate,
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and he had a thousand things to say and do before he could depart ; yet he said and did but one thing, that was to urge his sister to fly with him. “ No ! ” exclaimed this generous girl, “ if I cannot facilitate your escape, at least I will not be an incumbrance to you. ” — “ You an incumbrance ! ” returned Brinboc, — “ Yes, ” resumed Eugenie, “ I should be a continual incumbrance to you ; your strength and sex will afford you numberless means of eluding the pursuit of our enemies, in which I could not partake : besides, ” continued she, “ were we both to seek for safety in flight, the remnant of our fortune would become the prey of the rapacious beings who now dispose of every thing ; whereas by my remaining on the spot, something may be saved ; and surely you could not bear to see me become a wanderer, reduced to the lowest state of indigence
and

and want." There was a little artifice of affection in the latter part of Eugenie's argument ; she knew that the idea of seeing her reduced to misery was insupportable to her brother, and she availed herself of that pretext to induce him to acquiesce in the proposal of her remaining at Fontenay ; but her real motive was the one first alleged ; alone, she conceived that he might effect his escape, but accompanied by her she deemed it impossible ; and she nobly chose to ensure his security by risking her own. It is not to be supposed that Brinboc gave readily into this plan of Eugenie's ; no, he repeated every reason which suggested itself to him, (and in such cases a feeling mind is not barren,) to induce his sister to alter her resolution, and he concluded by observing, that her remaining without a protector or companion of any sort, might be interpreted in such a manner

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ner as would shock her delicacy.— Against this objection Eugenie was also prepared: Madame de Flavigny, their friend and relation, had promised to spend some time with them, and she was to arrive next morning; under such circumstances, it would be no difficult matter to persuade her to prolong her visit. This was unanswerable; and, though with a heavy heart, Brinboc. summoned Fulgence, his valet-de-chambre, to pack up a few necessaries, and to accompany him in his retreat. To describe the emotions attendant on this separation, would be impossible; and, were it possible, it would be useless; they who have loved with that warmth and purity of affection, which common souls imagine to belong only to angels, will conceive what cannot be described; and they who are strangers to such feelings, would turn over a page fraught .

fraught with sentiments to them unintelligible.

As Brinboc had only a passport for the department in which he resided, he proceeded but four leagues that night, and arrived before morning at St. Ouen, where he took up his abode with a farmer, who had formerly been a tenant of his own. The following day he received a letter from his sister, in which she informed him, that the honest Mayor's fears were but too true, that a domiciliary visit had been paid her; that she had been threatened with all the rigours of the law, if she did not reveal the place of her brother's concealment; and that the commissaries had departed, saying, that such an aristocrat as Brinboc should not escape the vengeance of the nation. She, therefore, conjured him, to consult his safety, and her's also, by quitting the country altogether. A
friend

friend of Brinboc's at Paris, who was in office, under the revolutionary government, procured a passport for him, as a Danish gentleman going to Altona; and he and Fulgence had escaped the fury of the tygers of the day, when the first chapter of these memoirs commenced.

CHAP. III.

As our travellers entered the city of Fulda, Brinboc observed to Fulgence, that it was a handsome looking place, and that the inhabitants bore an easy and comfortable appearance. Fulgence was delighted to find his master bestowing some attention on what he saw, and being willing to keep up the conversation, he asked him, to what monarch this town belonged? Their sovereign, answered Brinboc, is the abbot of an ancient Benedictine monastery, who is also a bishop, and who has the privilege of crowning the Empress of the Romans. “What !” exclaimed Fulgence, “these people are the vassals of a monk,
—they

—they must surely be miserable then, in spite of their neat houses and warm cloathing.” “ Why so ? ” returned Brinboc.—“ Because,” said the valet, “ I read as much in the works of a great philosopher, whose name I cannot recollect. “ Enough,” resumed his master, “ I now perceive the sources from which you derived your information: but before we proceed any farther on our travels, I deem it necessary to give you a piece of advice, which may be of some use to you, and that is, to prefer the evidence of your own eyes, to the words of any author, were he the most sublime of philosophers.”—Fulgence was going to thank his master for his admonition, when the carriage drove into the principal inn. No sooner had Fulgence disposed of the baggage, than he ran to the kitchen, and after paying some compliments, and making

several bows to the president of that department, informed her, with great volubility, that as *Monsieur* was not a great eater, he would be satisfied with a cutlet, a fricandeau, and a roast partridge, with lettuces or cucumber. He had finished his harangue, and was waiting for some word or sign of acquiescence, on the part of his hearers, when, to his utter astonishment, he perceived that they had not comprehended a single syllable of what he had been saying: confounded at this disappointment, he skipped up stairs to Brinboe, and told him, that his first idea concerning the debased state of the people amongst whom they had got, must surely be correct, for that neither the cook, or her assistants, understood a word of French. "Speak German then to them," said the *Sieur de Brinboe*. "I cannot," answered he. "Why not," replied

answered his master? "Because I never learned that language," returned Fulgence. "But I feel, Sir, the justice of your reflection, and I will endeavour for the future to be less precipitate in my judgments. I was led into this error by my brother, who had accompanied, as valet-de-chambre, the C. de Crequi to Brussels, Laufanne, and other foreign countries; and, he told me, that French was the common language all over the world." Fulgence was possessed of a considerable share of common sense, as well as an honest heart, and was consequently a little ashamed of what he had been saying: irreclaimable folly never blushes.

In spite of the curse entailed on the posterity of the builders of Babel, supper was served up, a bed prepared, and Brinboc safely lodged between two bags

of feathers, (the custom of the country;) where, after he had ruminated a while on the vicissitudes of this life, and other grave subjects, he fell into a slumber, which brought forth the following dream.

CHAP. IV.

BRINBOC fancied that he was placed in the centre seat of a vast amphitheatre, the arena or pit of which was filled with an immense number of animals of every kind,—domestic, ferocious, and even fabulous; all jostling each other, and all evincing, by their howlings and growlings, that they meant to tear each other to pieces, as soon as a convenient opportunity might offer itself. Among the animals, some were more conspicuous than others by their size, strength, and rapacity; and in the opposite extreme, some appeared to be mere reptiles. Among the larger, the most remarkable were the eagle, the dragon, the lion, the bear, the hyena, and the onager; all

hissing, roaring, crying, braying, and yelling at each other ; all steadfastly looking at the same object for one moment, then prying into nooks and corners in different directions. Sometimes they ceased from their horrible howlings, and seemed as if they had a mind to caress one another ; and then again they would make a noise as if twenty-five legions of devils had been let loose together. At last the battle began, and teeth, talons, claws, horns and hoofs were not idle : the ground was strewed with the spoils of the belligerent animals, besmeared and clotted together with blood. There you might see the plumage of griffins, hawks, falcons, &c. interspersed with brushes of foxes, fur of wild cats, ears of jack-asses, &c. There the hind leg of a kangaroo, and half a rattle-snake ; in another place the fore-quarter of a goat, the antlers of a stag,
the

the tail of a crocodile, the head of a penguin, and the sirloin of a rhinoceros. In short, if Beelzebub had had a mind to turn cook that day, and treat the infernal regions with a fricassée, unequalled before for the variety of its ingredients, he might have done so with great ease, for the meat was ready cut up to his hand. But Brinboc observed, that as the smaller animals seemed to grow tired of the combat, they fell back towards the wall of the circus, and there continued to snarl, hiss, and howl, though they did nothing else, except now and then lick their wounds, adjust their coats and smooth their feathers, looking rather foolish at the same time.

It was then that he could bestow all his attention upon the wonderful feats and exploits performed by the six great animals before mentioned. To describe them would be impossible; suffice it to

say, that the like was never seen before. However, there must be an end to battles, as well as to other things equally amusing; and the first animal which sneaked off was the hyena, raking up, as it went along, all the guts and garbage in its way, in order to devour them at its leisure; the next seceder was the onager, which lay down, apparently tired, upon a heap of very yellow straw brought to it from afar; the bear retreated evidently out of humour, because he could not scrape from the dragon's back a little excrescence, as hard as a rock, to which he had taken a prodigious liking; and the eagle, having already lost some feathers in the fray, and perhaps apprehensive that the beautiful tuft which adorned its head, and distinguished it from all others of its kind, might also suffer, retired from the field, but retired in a majestick manner. The only remaining

maining combatants, the lion and the dragon, soon perceived that they could not essentially hurt each other, and therefore resolved to make peace; for which purpose they issued proclamations importing their earnest wish to end the horrors of war, their love of tranquillity, their abhorrence of bloodshed, and their unceasing respect for justice, as well as the other cardinal virtues. Every one admired those state papers, both for the beauty of the style, and the noble sentiments they contained. After the usual formalities, the lion and the dragon embraced, swore an everlasting friendship, and moved off in separate directions, fully resolved to do each other all the harm they could, whenever an occasion might present itself. At first the whole place resounded with acclamations of joy, for being restored to the blessings of peace: but to this delightful concert

soon succeeded musick of a very different nature. All the minor animals who had lost tails, ears, wings, snouts, and other component parts, in the warfare, called out lustily for indemnification : the dragon which always had a taste for meddling in other people's affairs, first commanded silence, and then made the following eloquent harangue. “ Most illustrious and independent rats, weazels, bats, parrots, and others whom it may concern.—It has ever been my most ardent wish to preserve peace and tranquillity, and to be the guardian and dispenser of justice, which is the basis of all happiness in this life. Influenced by such upright principles, it is impossible that I should be indifferent to your requisitions : but I cannot comply with your demands in the precise way you may expect, for a thousand reasons, any and all of which you may learn from my privy counsellors,

counsellors, whenever you think fit to ask for them. What is done is done ; the past cannot be recalled, but I will give you something as a compensation for what you lost in the scramble : I know that what I am going to bestow on you is no more mine than it is yours, but this is no time for scruples : my friend Bruin approves of my plan, and now to business.”—So saying, with one whisk of his enormous tail he demolished two thirds of the black cattle that had survived the battle, and divided their carcasses among his petitioners, only modestly reserving the marrow for himself. The lion and the eagle did not seem to countenance these proceedings, but they did not oppose them ; and the hyena suffered a large pluck to be stuffed down its throat, which insured its silence. But what now attracted Brinboc’s notice was the conduct and words of one of the

begging brutes : it was of a species he had never seen before, something between a frog and a toad ; it was amphibious like the former, and sluggish like the latter, but larger than either, and of a faded orange colour.—“Most virtuous, free, and magnificent dragon,” said the reptile, “I hope you will not forget me, as I did nothing but pick my teeth while you were busy fighting.” “Right,” answered the wholesale butcher, “I always reward those who pick their teeth and scratch their backs while I am engaged in battle ; there is a bit in reserve for you.” As he uttered those remarkable words, he threw a pretty fat piece to the *rana-bufo*, and strutted away with inexpressible dignity. But what was Brinboc’s astonishment, when his fancy pictured to him the house in which he lay, the street in which that house was built, and the town which
contained

contained that street, all depicted with the greatest accuracy upon the joint that had fallen to the orange-coloured animal's share. He began to tremble lest he also should have to perform that disagreeable journey which begins at the *œsophagus*, and ends generally at a short distance from the termination of the *spina dorsalis*; his agitation increased, and he awoke to experience that satisfaction which we all do, when we escape from a frightful dream.

CHAP. V.

THE first object that offered itself to Brinboc's view, was Fulgence preparing the razors, and making other arrangements for the operation of shaving.—“ Montjoie St. Denis !” exclaimed Brinboc, “ where am I ? or what have I been doing ?”

“ Sir,” answered Fulgence, “ you are placed in a wooden box, which they call a bedstead in this country, between two bags of goose down ; in that position, termed an inclined plane, because the bed is too short to admit of lying at full length in a horizontal posture ; and if I were allowed to say what my master did in that state, unpleasant as it

it may appear, I should venture to guess that he slept for several hours." "But, Fulgence, I have had a dream, such a dream! O that I was at Memphis, at Sufa, at Ecbatana, or even at Scanderoon, I should then hope to have my dream explained." "Sir," replied the valet, "I never was in any of the places which you have just mentioned, but if my eyes did not deceive me, last night I saw a troop of gipsies pass by the door; and, perhaps, they may be in the town still." "Poo, poo," returned Brinboc, "gipsies are impostors: no, I will proceed forthwith to Leipfick, that famous town, where waggon loads of learning arrive twice every year, affording to its fortunate inhabitants a double harvest of intellectual riches; there will I seek for the sages of Saxony, and have the dream expounded to me: besides," added he, with a sigh, "perhaps, I may

I may there receive a letter from Eugenie. Fly, fly, good Fulgence, and hasten our departure."—Fulgence did not fly; he walked as fast as he could: but German postilions, and their horses, never do either; so that Brinboc had full time to ponder on his dream, and the probable chances of hearing from Eugenie at Leipfick, according to the agreement they had made before he quitted France. Fulgence's first business was to go to the post-office, and inquire after letters for his master; alas, there were none!—This disappointment chagrined Brinboc a good deal; and, in order to kill time, he wrote a polite note to Professor Furstembergicus, informing him of the extraordinary dream, which he had had at Fulda, and requesting him to expound it for him. The professor was looked upon as the most profound divine in the university, but he was then
involved

involved in a controversy with Professor Johannes of Hall, who pushed him so close, that he had not leisure to attend to any thing else. His next application was to the pastor Gorgondosius, who lectured on Ethicks and Metaphysicks. This learned man answered with that diffidence which is the characteristick of sterling merit, that all the faculties of his soul were as yet insufficient to penetrate into the mysteries of the Kantian philosophy ; but that if ever he should be blessed with an insight into those arcana, he would then undertake to explain all the dreams that might enter into the head of man. Doctor Wolfgangus, the anatomist, was not so civil in his answer ; he even threw out hints, that to talk of dreams to a man who was used to handle muscles and bones, was little short of an insult. Professor Kleinheit, the chemist, only requested Brin-

boc,

boc, to wait for six weeks, the time indispensibly requisite for ascertaining the exact quantity of oxygen in the *crepitus* of a louse, which he had caught flying, by applying a bag to the *anus* of that animal, and that he would then be entirely at his service. The mathematicians, philologers, and masters of arts, were not a whit more accomodating; and Brinboc had very nearly despaired of success in this pursuit, which had already lasted three days, when a merchant from Ulm, who lodged in the same house, recommended to him, as a prodigy of learning, Professor Konigrichburgius, a second Puffendorf, who taught the principles of natural and civil law, and who was likewise very attentive to strangers. But it was ordained, no doubt, that Brinboc should not receive the interpretation of his vision at that time, for Konigrichburgius, in opposition to his

usual civil way of proceeding, was obliged to refuse Brinboc, the boon he required, from a combination of circumstances, that absolved him from all faultiness in this affair. He was then engaged in writing a work upon the imprescriptible right of subjects to dethrone their sovereigns whenever they thought fit; and as this treatise was dedicated, by permission, to the reigning prince of Narrheitberg, who was very anxious to peruse it, the professor had not a moment to dispose of in any other way. This last disappointment was almost too much for Brinboc, who was on the point of committing the sin of wishing the university and all its members at the devil, when he was luckily prevented by the arrival of Fulgence.

CHAP. VI.

FULGENCE advanced with a nimble step; he had triumph in his countenance, and a letter in each hand. Brinboc snatched them both from him, and throwing one down upon the table, devoured the contents of the other, consisting of three sides, before he thought he had read three lines; it was from Eugenie, and contained an account of every thing since their separation, her fears, her alarms, her hopes, first for Brinboc, and then for herself. Madame de Flavigny was as good as her word; she was become the partner of her solitude, and of her danger; and her company cheered the one, while
her

her advice sometimes lessened the other (heaven preserve thee ! best of women, exclaimed Brinboc).

Eugenie also informed her brother, that the inquiries after him had not been continued, which she attributed to the seasonable intervention of the person in office, who had procured Brinboc's passport ; she remarked, in a cursory way, that the persecution against women was not quite so violent as against men, but that females were likewise hurried to the scaffold, from time to time, without having given a shadow of provocation ; that she visited no one at Fontenay-aux-Roses, and had not seen a human being since his departure, except Madame de Flavigny, and the servants, who were now reduced to two, her own woman and a man, who acted in the double capacity of cook and gardener. Such were the outlines of Eugenie's letter ; but as we
have

have not the original before us, we shall decline attempting to give any thing like an imitation of the pure affection which animated every sentence of it.

“ You seem pensive, Sir,” said Fulgence: “ I was in hopes that I had been the bearer of good news.” “ So you were,” answered Brinboc, “ my sister is well, and she has not forgotten you.” “ Kind lady,” resumed Fulgence, “ I hope she is not in danger.” “ God only knows,” replied Brinboc, “ but I do not think her safe,—would to heaven she were here !” “ You have not looked at the other letter,” said Fulgence ; at the same time, presenting it his master. As soon as Brinboc had perused it, he told his man, that it was from the Abbe Joly, his old preceptor, who was living with a shoemaker in the *Fauxbourg S. Marceau*, until it should be his turn to be dragged to the place of execution. “ But, Sir,” returned

turned Fulgence, with a sort of retrograde motion, as if he was going to retire, “ is there nothing in these letters about the supply of money you talked of yesterday ? ” “ O, yes,” answered Brinboc, “ my sister’s contains a bill to my order ; that is to say, of my travelling name *Vanderbosch*, on the Jewish banker at Berlin ; and as we have nothing farther to do in this place, we will set out to-morrow morning early.” It had been Brinboc’s first intention to have gone by Weimar, and to have paid his respects to the sages, whose works have procured for that city the appellation of the Athens of Saxony : but what he had seen of the German literati induced him to alter his plan ; to him they appeared as men deeply versed in books, but entirely unacquainted with mankind, upon whose duties, relations, interests
and

and concerns they, however, did not fail to pronounce with that dogmatical presumption, which is always the child of ignorance. Taking, therefore, the route of Dessau and Zerbst, and passing through deserts that might vie in sterility with those of Arabia Petrea, he arrived at that splendid town which was once the first village in Brandenburg, and is now the capital of the Prussian monarchy.

CHAP. VII.

As soon as the travellers had entered the gates of Berlin, they were stopped by a gentleman with a drawn sword, and great whiskers, made stiff and shining with grease and lamp-black, who, taking down their names, and the name of the inn they meant to put up at, very civilly allowed them to pass on.

Fulgence was astonished with what he saw; he had always believed, with implicit faith, that there was no city in the world half so great or half so magnificent as Paris; this creed had been handed down to him, through twelve generations at least, and he had never conceived a doubt on the subject. His orthodoxy began to be in some danger, when
he

he passed through Frederic-straas, William-straas, and the other fine *Straassen*, which adorn this town; and which are wider than many of the *places* at Paris. “Good Lord!” said he to his master, “who should have thought of seeing any thing so fine out of Paris, when the first things that we are taught, are, “*il n’y a qu’un Paris dans le monde*,” and, “*bors de Paris, point de salut**.” “My friend,” replied his master, “it has been the will of fortune to make us go farther from home, than perhaps we ever intended to do; it behoves us then to profit as much as possible by this involuntary peregrination, and to get rid of those illiberal ideas which we sometimes imbibe in our education. Travelling is in this respect, the touchstone of the mind, and he who returns to his native land

* There is but one Paris in the world.— Out of Paris, out of Paradise.

with the same stock of prejudices with which he set out, may be put down as an incorrigible fool."

This little dialogue was prevented from becoming any greater, by the arrival of the carriage at the *Soleil d'or*, the Hotel where Brinboc was resolved to lodge, at the recommendation of the merchant from Ulm, of whom we made mention before. Brinboc's Ulm friend proved himself a man of taste and discrimination in this instance, for the house was full of illustrious personages. Our hero was to share the first floor with a brother of the reigning Duke of W. the second was entirely occupied by the Princess of H. B.; besides two Barons and three gentlemen of the equestrian order, who occupied the atticks. But before we proceed any further in these genuine and original Memoirs, it may not be improper to apologize for the oc-

casional colloquies that took place between Brinboc and his valet.

In the first place, the reader will have had sagacity enough to remark, that they only happened when no one else was present; secondly, that there were particular circumstances which warranted this familiarity. Fulgence had lived all his life in Brinboc's family, to whose father, his father had been coachman; his fidelity was above all suspicion, and was proof even against the shocks of revolutionary temptations, when servants were uniformly instigated to become spies upon the actions of their masters; Fulgence never betrayed the smallest inclination to abuse the confidence which Brinboc placed in him; and though, like the rest of mankind, he had his little faults and imperfections, he was such a domestick, as is rarely to be met with, and without him, Brinboc would not have had a person
whose

whose presence could call back the fleeting images of happier days, or whose attention could be any how connected with the feelings of attachment and affection.—Reader! shouldst thou ever meet with such a servant, blush not to be found discoursing with him.

CHAP. VIII.

ONE of Brinboc's first visits was to M. Wuchurer, the banker, who received him very politely, and delivered the amount of the bill from Paris, after deducting brokerage, discount, and two or three other bagatelles, which somewhat diluted the draught : this business being concluded, he requested the favour of Brinboc's company to dinner next day.

Brinboc was punctual to the appointment, and was ushered into a splendid suite of apartments, in one of which he was received by the lady of the house, a hearty-looking dame of about forty,
and

and who might have been reckoned handsome, were she not prodigiously fat, and had she been able to preserve her teeth, which were nearly all decayed. The company consisted of a bishop from Prussian Poland, an English gentleman, with his travelling tutor, a Swedish officer, two counsellors of state, and a young man in the diplomatic line, who was a relation of M. Wuchurer. The repast was magnificent and threatened to have no end: the intervals between tasting the several viands were filled up by copious potations of the best Johannesberg, Sillery, and Chateau-Margot: and every time that Brinboc filled his glass with the latter wines, his thoughts reverted to the country from whence they came, the scene of desolation of which it was the theatre, and the persons for whose safety he was most alarmed. So true is it, that we had better

go to a house of mourning with a placid mind, than to feasts and revels with one loaded with misfortune, or distracted by anxiety.

In proportion as the wine was consumed, the conversation became general, and naturally turned upon the events of the day. "As for my part," said the Swedish Colonel, "I am convinced, that if the illustrious Gustavus had not fallen by the hand of a vile assassin, we should have been spared the mortification of beholding those scenes which degrade our nature, and disgust every one whom party spirit has not rendered callous to the common feelings of humanity; that immortal Prince," continued he, "would not have been drawn aside from his projects, by the trifling consideration of individual and precarious interest; he would have marched forward boldly to the object
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in view, and would have realized once more the prodigies of Charles, XII." "Alas!" replied the Bishop, "such heroes are now no more! what would the world not give to possess at this moment, another Sobieski, who might ensure its freedom and tranquillity, by subduing the modern Vandals, as he did the barbarians of the last century." Here the young Englishman interposed, and begged leave to inform the company, "that he had letters from home, assuring him that the Prime Minister of his country, had negotiated a loan upon such terms, as must ultimately confer peace and happiness upon mankind;" the obsequious tutor turned up his eyes to heaven, as if to thank it for having blessed him with a pupil of such astonishing sagacity. As the Counsellors of State (in that country as numerous as bailiffs are in others) knew nothing of the Secrets of

State, they affected to be very mysterious, and the young diplomatist gave several nods and shrugs, full of meaning to those who could understand them. Brinboc and M. Wuchurer took but a small share in the conversation; the latter, because he found full employment in eating and drinking, and the former, because he heard but little to interest him, and to draw his imagination from dwelling upon what was nearest to his heart. Brinboc was not constitutionally melancholy, but his intercourse with mankind had superinduced a disposition of that kind, and experience sometimes led him to despise those whom the suavity of his nature would have prompted him to love, had he known them less. He had got into a reverie, that took in every thing at Fontenay-aux-Roses worth comprehending, when he perceived that the company were
quitting

quitting the dining room to take coffee in an adjoining apartment.

Brinboc followed the crowd, and was talking about the history of Jagellon with the Polish Bishop, when Mad. Wuchurer invited them to finish the day with her, by staying to see a play which she and some of her friends were to perform, in her own private theatre. The Prelate excused himself by saying that he had an appointment that evening with the Minister for the ecclesiastical department, but Brinboc, not having an engagement of any sort, bowed in acquiescence to the desire of his hostess. As he had not heard whether the entertainment was to be tragedy or comedy, or in what language it was to be acted, he began to conceive that he might have full opportunity for giving loose to his own thoughts, an amusement he always had recourse to, when the company was

very stupid, or the conversation very silly. However, it turned out otherwise, for the company, which had been trebled at least, since dinner, was summoned to a neat little theatre, to see the tragedy of *Phedre*, in all its original beauty. As soon as the curtain drew up, Brinboc perceived that Mad. Wuchurer was resolved not to part with her dignity, even in mimic life; for she had reserved to herself the part of the heroine, in spite of her corpulence and decayed teeth; that of Theseus, was committed to a lieutenant of grenadiers; and a son of Mad. W., with red hair and of an unmeaning countenance, was the representative of the beautiful and virtuous Hippolytus, while a young lady from Anspach, personified Aricia, his fair mistress. The subaltern parts were cast as well as circumstances would permit; that is to say, that nothing could be
be

be worse. Had Racine's *chef d'œuvre* never been better performed, it may be questioned whether it would have excited so much admiration in the world, notwithstanding its intrinsic merit; but nothing contrasted stronger with the awkwardness, vulgarity, and German accent of the three first mentioned performers, than the grace, elegance, discrimination, and spirit of Mad. de Rosenfelt, for such was the name of the lady who acted Aricia. So much was she mistress of the true pronunciation of the French language, that Brinboc's polished ear could with great difficulty discover that he was listening to a foreigner. Her eyes, expressive of the most unfeigned sensibility, and the elegance of her form and manners, reminded him of the amiable Eugénie; and this likeness, awakened a thousand reflections that made him forget the

tun-like Phedra, the fugelman Theseus, and the simpering Hypolitus, and which were only interrupted by the thunders of applause that crowned their successful efforts. As soon as the performers joined the company, refreshments were handed about, and Brinboc took that opportunity of requesting Mad. Wuchurer to present him to Mad. de Rosenfelt, and of complimenting this lady upon her talents, by which she had made a secondary personage the most interesting of the whole, and concluded by begging leave to be allowed to wait upon her. This petition was granted by Mad. de Rosenfelt, with that facility with which persons accustomed to good company meet each other's advances, and the night being now far advanced, the party broke up and dispersed.

CHAP. IX.

BRINBOC was returning home, followed by Fulgence, when he saw walking before him a man of diminutive stature, evidently in liquor, who being forced in his movements to describe an elliptical figure, by the disproportionate weight of his head, slipped at last into one of those kennels which adorn the streets of Berlin, emitting savoury odours by day, and serving as so many traps for the legs of unwary passengers at night. Brinboc ran up to the son of Bacchus, and with the help of Fulgence, set him on his feet once more, though in a very dirty condition; and he was considering what he should do with the man, when upon closer inspection,

inspection, he discovered him to be a paradoxical philosopher, and most singular character, whom he had met with at the *table d'hôte* of one of the inns at Frankfort. "My good sir," said Brinboc, "I do not know whether you recollect me, but I have had the pleasure of seeing you before, and am now very happy to have rendered you this trifling service."—"I—I—I do not be-believe," stammered out the sage, "any thing about your being very happy; you felt a painful, up, sensation on seeing me fall into the river; and to get rid of it you came to my succour:—this is the system of Hel—Hel—Helve—up; and I am ready to argue the point with you—up—" "Oh, no!" returned Brinboc, "I would no more argue with you now than at any other time; besides as people do not come out of the *river* with dry clothes, you had better go home; where do you live?"

live?" Here the philosopher named an alley not far from the Elector's Bridge, whither Brinboc and his servant conducted him; and after delivering him to the care of a miserable looking old woman, they returned home in order to go to bed: at the same time Brinboc told Fulgence to call next morning on the Metaphysician, to inquire whether he had suffered much from his night's adventure: and to offer him assistance on his part, if he stood in need of any. Our hero retired to rest with feelings more pleasurable than he had experienced for a long time, and awoke the next day an hour earlier than he was wont to do, for it is not by pain alone that our quiet is taken from us. To enjoy any considerable satisfaction, we must also part with a share of our tranquillity, there being nothing entirely gratuitous in this world of debtor and creditor. We need not
inform

inform the reader, that this pleasing anxiety was occasioned by Brinboc's prospect of seeing Madame de Rosenfelt, with whom he was very much struck. As soon as the proper time for paying his respects arrived, he waited on that lady, who received him with politeness and cordiality. After the usual introductions to discourse, Brinboc repeated his astonishment at her great proficiency in the various branches of dramatic representation; but above all, at the elegant and correct manner in which she declaimed verses, in what was to her a foreign language. "I shall soon remove your surprise," replied Madame de Rosenfelt, "when I inform you of the advantages which have fallen to my share in that respect above the rest of my countrywomen; but before I begin this story," continued she, "permit me to ask if you are of the Brinbocs, one
of

of whom was a general officer, and had two daughters educated in the convent of English nuns, of the Rue St. Victor?"

"Yes," answered Brinboc, *the Maréchal de Camp, Baron de Brinboc*, of whom you speak, was my father."—"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Madame de Rosenfelt, "I have then met with the brother of my two earliest, and I may add, dearest friends: but I have to condole with you on the loss of your respectable father, whose death, however, was in the order of nature; and the more distressing affliction of being deprived of the amiable Julia, at that period of life when every thing conduces to aggravate such a misfortune."

"Alas!" returned Brinboc, "that calamity was soon followed by another equally trying—the death of my elder brother, whom, perhaps, you may have heard of; and our family is now reduced

to

to Eugenie and myself. To Eugenie and myself," continued he, "how do I talk! when the dangers with which that dear girl is beset present themselves to my affrighted imagination: I scarcely know what to think, or how to express myself." He then entered into a succinct account of what had befallen himself and Eugenie since the commencement of the troubles in France, until he was forced to seek for safety in exile, and concluded by loading himself with reproaches, for having left unprotected what he should have only abandoned with his life. "I admire your feelings," resumed Madame de Rosenfelt, "and adore the generous devotedness of the angelic Eugenie: you have both acted precisely as you ought: for you to have remained, would have been to expose yourself to certain destruction, no man of your birth, merit, and connexions can flatter himself with
hopes

hopes of escaping the general persecution at this moment, excepting that he chuses to join the monsters who are laying waste your unfortunate country: a price at which, I am sure, you would never have purchased your security, if security it can be called. But with Eugenie it is otherwise, not that her sex would in itself be any safeguard against the tygers to whom all blood is equally sweet; but then it is so much easier for a woman to live in that obscurity, which is the best of protections in times like the present; and her good sense and prudence are so great, that I feel the most powerful presentiment that she has already undergone her greatest sufferings, in parting from her beloved brother; and to that brother," added Madame de Rosenfelt with a smile, "I can have no difficulty in making - a return for the confidence
he

he has placed in me, by relating the little incidents of a life which almost commenced by becoming acquainted with Eugenie."

CHAP. X.

“ My father,” said Madame de Rosenfelt, “ being the younger son of a good family in the neighbourhood of Munich; entered early into the service of his sovereign, the Elector of Bavaria; but having the misfortune to disoblige a general who was in high favour, he quitted the country and went to France, in the capital of which he lived very pleasantly for some time, with all the thoughtlessness of youthful indiscretion, until the impaired state of his finances obliged him to look about for some mode of subsistence. Just at that period he met with a relation, who having considerable interest at the court of king Stanislaus, duke

duke of Lorraine, undertook to procure for him either a commission in the army, or a place about that king's person. My father accordingly set out for Lunéville, and was presented at court under the patronage of Madame de B., whose recommendations were always attended to by his majesty, who conferred upon my father a place in his own household. He was not long in this situation before he married a Polish lady, whose family had followed the fortunes of king Stanislaus, when he was forced to retire before his more fortunate, though not more deserving rival, Augustus of Saxony. I have often heard my father declare, that this was the most agreeable part of his life : he possessed a woman whom he idolized, and he was esteemed by his new sovereign, who reigned in the hearts of all those who had the happiness of living under his gentle sway.

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This monarch was one of the most enlightened, as well as most amiable men of his time ; and his court was resorted to by almost all the men of genius from different parts of Europe. During several years the only bar to the entire happiness of my parents, was the loss of their infant children, one after another, none of whom ever attained the age of twelve months, excepting myself, who am the youngest, and my birth only took place after the death of king Stanislaus, and the consequent dismissal of all his servants and attendants. As my father was one of those, to whom the French government had promised indemnification for their losses in Lorraine, he was induced to return to Paris to solicit the fulfilment of their promises. After experiencing all the delays and disgusts which are the unavoidable lot of those who have no other patronage with the
great,

great, but the justice of their demands, he received a small pension, which enabled him to live. Upon the demise of my mother, he placed me with the English nuns of the Rue St. Victor, where, besides other branches of education, I might learn at the same time the French and English languages. Here it was that I became acquainted with your sisters, with both of whom I contracted a friendship which grew with our years; but, amiable as they both were, one of those secret impulses, which we all feel at some period or other, though we are often at a loss to account for them, inclined me to give a larger share of my affection to Eugenie.—Julia was kind, gentle, and engaging; but, besides these qualities, her sister possessed that warmth of feeling bordering upon enthusiasm, in favour of those whom we love, without which friendship seems

rather the work of chance, habit, or convenience, than a flame kindled in one soul, by its knowledge, either real or fancied, of the rare and superior qualities of another. I do not mean to say, that I deserved this predilection on the part of Eugénie ; but of this I am certain, that she met with no ungrateful return. As we were mere children when we first met in the convent, what I have been talking of can only refer to the time when our understandings were sufficiently ripened to be capable of distinguishing each other among the many who surrounded us. It has been often debated, whether our juvenile years are a portion of life more marked by pleasure than pain ? It is not for me to decide on a question which all are entitled to discuss, and which no one has ventured to determine ; were it in my power, perhaps I should not willingly make

use of that power, so often have I been disgusted with the arrogance of those pretended sages, who are continually obtruding their opinions upon mankind, as so many oracles ; however, I will beg leave to say for myself, that I look back with more unalloyed satisfaction on the early part of my life, than on the years that followed it, although I have not met with a greater share of misfortune than people in general. My first tears were shed at parting from my convent friends : my father had written to the superior, that he would call for me at the end of two days, and when he came, he was accompanied by a gentleman, whom he presented to me as his particular friend.

“ He allowed me time to get rid of some of my melancholy for the loss of that society to which alone I had been used ; and to remove my chagrin I wrote, I believe, during the first week of my being
at

at home, at least twenty letters to my late companions. This expedient not proving quite sufficient, I was introduced into company, and led about to several places of amusement. But from nothing did I derive so much pleasure, as from a day spent at St. Cyr, where I was present at a representation of Racine's *Athalie*, performed by the young ladies of that royal establishment. It was the first tragedy I ever saw acted, and the impression it made on me, was such as I shall never forget. It was in vain that I endeavoured to place my thoughts on other subjects, they incessantly reverted to the tyrant Queen, the infant Joas, and the faithful pontiff; and I repeated, when alone, the few lines which had not escaped my memory: in short, if I had not been restrained by a sense of decency and propriety, I verily believe I should have gone upon the

stage. However, this species of madness, for I can term it nothing else, was soon driven from my mind, by the following circumstance. As soon as my father perceived that I was recovering my former cheerfulness of disposition, he sent for me into his study one day, and addressed me in these words: — ‘My dearest Louisa, you are now entering on your sixteenth year, a time of life, when it is every way advisable to think of procuring you an establishment in the world; you know that the small pension which now affords me subsistence, will die with me; and as it is in the course of nature, that you should be my survivor, you would remain, either totally destitute, or what is nearly as bad, dependant on relations who never saw you, and who consequently can take little interest in your welfare. There is a person who courts
our

our alliance ; he is, in my opinion, highly worthy of it ; and I trust that you will agree with me when I inform you, that this person is M. de Rosenfelt, who was with us when you left the convent, and whom you have since seen in this house ; still, my dear girl,' continued he, 'I would not for the universe, tyrannize over your affections, and if they are already engaged, which however I can hardly suppose, you have only to say so, and I will listen with attention, to what you may have to object to my proposal.' —I was so confused at this unexpected declaration of my father's, that I scarcely knew what to say ; but recollecting myself as well as my surprise would allow me to do, I answered, 'that whatever met with his approbation, must be agreeable to me.' This was indeed the truth ; for happily for me, I had not yet become acquainted with those novel writ-

ers, who are at such pains to teach us, that in order to live comfortably with a man, we must first be desperately in love with him. M. de Rosenfelt was about double my age, but agreeable in his person and manners; his fortune was by no means large, but he had good expectations from an uncle, who was high in the Prussian service, and who, having no family of his own, was determined to make him his heir. To be brief, we were married, and my father, who had no longer any thing to make him desirous of remaining in France, determined to accompany us to Anspach, of which place my husband was a native, and where he was a Major in the Margrave's service. It was not without regret, that I quitted Paris, and the melancholy sensations which I felt on taking leave of my friends at the Convent, were to me a presage,
that

that there were at least some of them whom I should never see again. I promised to correspond with Eugenie ; and this idea alone consoled me for the distance which was soon to separate us from each other.

“ When we were settled at Anspach, I led such a life as you may suppose, that is to say, a tranquil and easy one, neither marked with any very lively pleasure, or embittered by any severe misfortune. During the first months of my residence in that city, I became acquainted with Made. Clairon, the celebrated tragic actress ; and as I was one day expressing to her, with all the enthusiasm of youth, the pleasure I had felt from the representation of *Athalie*, and other pieces at Paris, she said laughing, that she would give me a specimen of what she could do in that way, and immediately began to declaim

the part of Medea. I had often heard speak of her powers, but what I now saw and heard greatly exceeded my belief; the sudden transition of her countenance, the dignity of her gestures, the majesty of her manner, and the beauties of her enunciation, had such an effect, as literally to bewitch my senses, and to make me only conscious of my existence by the emotions that she raised in my soul. She was not so taken up in her personification of the cruel wife of Jason, as not to remark my astonishment; and being perhaps flattered by the sincere, because involuntary, homage which I paid to her talents, she at times amused herself in teaching me to declaim some of her favourite parts. Among many other observations which she made to me on this subject, she once told me that she did not conceive the character of *Aricia*, which you saw me perform, to have been
meant

meant by its author as an insignificant one, but that it was generally overlooked, partly because it was usually consigned to a bad actress, and partly because the attention of the audience was particularly absorbed by the passion and misfortunes of the heroine of the piece. I should not have troubled you with this recital, had I not promised to explain to you how I came to possess these advantages over the other performers at M. Wuchurer's, on which you were so kind as to compliment me; and you must learn from what I have said, the small degree of merit I can arrogate to myself on this head, although I had not long the benefit of Made. Clairon's instructions, for she left Anspach, before I had lived there a year. I had soon after cause to deplore a real loss, in the death of my worthy father; the more so, as it was at no very advan-

ced period of life, and in great measure occasioned by the improper treatment of an unskilful physician. I was now become a mother, and the occupations of maternity have a charm in them, which only a mother can know; for in this point, the feelings of your sex are by no means so acute as ours. M. de Rosenfelt was an enthusiast in his profession, so much so, that I believe every thing else was of secondary consideration with him, I do not except his wife; nevertheless, I esteemed him with the most unfeigned friendship; for what I felt for him, did not certainly amount to love: whether it was, that he was not formed to inspire, or I to know that tyrannic passion.' 'I beg pardon for interrupting you,' said Brinboc, 'but I really think that you are too candid to bestow an opprobrious epithet on love, had you not felt some
of

of its power.' 'You are a close observer,' resumed Mad. de Rosenfelt, (with a smile and something like a blush,) 'and I find that I must be guarded in my expressions. However,' continued she, 'you may be inclined to make light of my affection for M. de Rosenfelt, I felt the most poignant sorrow when I was deprived of him two years ago, in consequence of a cold that he caught in the exercise of his military duties, and which being neglected, fell upon his lungs, and terminated his existence. I had not been a widow above three months, when I received a letter from Count de B. containing the declaration of a most violent passion, but at the same time couched in such an ambiguous manner, that I was at a loss to understand whether his offers were honourable, or such as I must treat with contempt. In

these cases, there is but one step to be taken; I therefore sent him back his letter, requesting at the same time, that he would desist from importuning me any more. Far from being disheartened, this impetuous nobieman only redoubled his assiduities, and I was pestered for some time with letters, messages, and all the usual hostilities of courtship. At last, finding that all these efforts were of no avail, he resolved to try another mode of attack, and I was called upon one morning by a respectable looking lady, a distant relation of my late husband's, who told me that she was commissioned by the Count de B. to testify how miserable he was at my obstinacy, in not chusing to hearken to his offers, which he declared, and she confirmed to be, of the most honourable nature; that far from being deficient in that respect which
every

every virtuous woman was entitled to, he considered himself as doubly unfortunate, in having incurred any suspicion on that head ; a suspicion, founded no doubt, on some unguarded words that might have escaped his pen in the violence of his passion, but of which he was not in the least deserving. I was credulous enough, or vain enough, to give ear to these specious declaration, , and I should have fallen a victim to the infamous snare laid for me, had not the Count, in the full and certain expectation of success, boasted before some other young men, of the triumph he was about to obtain over a little widow, who was so silly as to imagine that she had charms sufficient to make a man of his experience fall into the trap of matrimony. I was informed of this speech, and I gratefully thanked the person who reported it

to

to me, without inquiring whether he did so out of friendship to me, or out of dislike to the Count; in which I did not think and act philosophically, I confess.

“The Count de B. stung to the quick at the total defeat of all his plans, had the baseness to give out, though in a less publick manner, that his stratagem had succeeded to the fullest extent of his wishes; the world was too charitable not to make me soon acquainted with this refinement of wickedness, and I immediately hurried to the lady who had been the Count’s agent, and threatened, that if she did not bear witness to the truth, I should be under the necessity of seeking for redress, where I knew it would not be refused me. Either the old lady had been really deceived by the Count, to whom she had served as an instrument of iniquity, without

without meaning it, or she was unwilling to risk her safety with a person who seemed determined to hazard every thing for the justification of her innocence. Be that as it may, she effectually answered my purpose, by vindicating my conduct and character from the slanderous aspersions of my enemy; and that with all the zeal of a person who considered herself bound in conscience to make reparation for wrongs she had been instrumental to the commission of; and I had the satisfaction of seeing the Count meet with the punishment he deserved, by becoming the object of universal contempt. As the Margraviate of Anspach is now become a part of the Prussian Monarchy, I came to Berlin a fortnight ago, in order to get my son placed in the military academy at Potsdam, while I shall devote the whole of my time to the education of my two daughters; the elder of whom is called

Eugenie, after your dear sister; not but what I am a little angry with her,' continued Mad. de Rosenfelt, 'for never having mentioned my name to you, as I must suppose, from your not seeming to have any notion of me or my history, when we met at M. Wuchurer's.' 'I beg pardon,' replied Brinboc rather hastily, 'my sister has talked of her beloved Louisa to me a thousand times; but if ever she mentioned your marriage name, as it is most probable she did, the guilt rests with me for having forgotten it, a crime with which I am sure my conscience will never have to reproach me again.' Mad. de Rosenfelt did not seem insensible to this little compliment, and Brinboc, after thanking her with warmth for the history of her life, took his leave, not without a firm resolution of visiting, as often as propriety would admit, the bosom friend of his sister.

CHAP. XI.

BRINBOC was so delighted with his morning's entertainment at Mad. de Rosenfelt's, that he resolved to feast upon it for the rest of the day ; not however forgetting the gentle Eugenie, for whom he reserved a nice treat, by writing a long letter to her, containing an account of his meeting with that lady, the conference which had followed it, and every other incident that had befallen him since his arrival at Berlin. As soon as Brinboc had finished one of those truly eloquent epistles, because they are such without effort, and without the writer's lifting his eyes from the
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the paper to the ceiling, in order to study a well turned period, or polished expression; (they who have written letters of friendship and letters of ceremony, will understand the distinction,) he gave it to Fulgence and desired him to take it to his banker, observing at the same time, that he did not require any more attendance that evening, as he felt himself somewhat indisposed, and would go to bed earlier than usual. The next morning he was worse, and had some symptoms of fever: upon which, Fulgence began to prepare the water and sugar, syrup of march-mallows, aperient lozenges, and the whole domestick pharmacy of an old French woman, not omitting at the same time to make ready a certain propelling engine, which like the catapulta of the ancients, was supposed by him to have the power of dislodging the enemy, were he ever so obstinate.

obstinate. However, all would not do, towards the approach of night, Brinboc's indisposition was so much increased, that he was forced to send for Monsieur Cornichon, a surgeon, whose family had lived in Berlin, ever since the revocation of the edict of Nantz. This son of *Æsculapius*, having felt Brinboc's pulse, looked at his tongue, inspected his *pot de chambre*, &c. with becoming gravity, pronounced the patient's case to be an arrested dephlegmation, occasioned by indigestion, which indigestion was caused by a sluggishness in the concoctive powers. To this learned speech, delivered in a kind of French that was not the French spoken at Paris, Brinboc had nothing to oppose; and Monsieur Cornichon went off saying, that he would send a medicine that should set every thing to rights; laying at the same time his injunctions on

Fulgence

Fulgence not to do any thing without consulting him ; for his suspicions had been awakened, by seeing on the table the instrument before alluded to, and which receives its name from a nymph of fable*. No sooner had Brinboc taken this bungler's prescription, than it began to operate, and that with such effect, that before day-break he became quite delirious, and poor Fulgence was almost distracted likewise, not knowing what to do in so cruel a situation. A certain instinct however, or a secret inkling, that he had got the Lord knows how, impelled him to seek for advice and succour, where he thought the most lively interest would be felt for his master's alarming state, and he hurried away to Mad. de Rosenfelt's, and related to her every thing that had happened. Mad. de Rosenfelt received the

* Ovid. Metam. i. fab. xiii.

news as if a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet; eight and forty hours had not yet elapsed, since she had seen Brinboc apparently in good health, and she now considered him as on the brink of the grave, with an ignorant practitioner at his elbow, ready to shove him in. She was too much affected to be able to conceal her emotions from Fulgence, but as soon as she could recollect herself, she gave him the address of a physician who lived in the next street, conjuring him at the same time, not to lose a moment, but to fly for the assistance he wanted. Fulgence required no spur to quicken his motions, so that he was at the doctor's house before a German servant could have descended one flight of stairs, and just caught him in the nick of time, as he was going to perform his morning's round.

When

When they arrived at the *Soliel d'or*, they found Brinboc in such a state, as required no explication to understand the nature of his disorder, for the servants of the hotel could hardly keep him down in the bed, and he had the minute before demolished a small bust of the immortal Frederick, which stood upon a marble slab, by throwing at it a second draught of Monsieur Cornichon's medicine, that they had endeavoured in vain to make him swallow. To this act of rebellion, Brinboc was indebted for the preservation of his life, as the physician declared that nothing could have saved him, had the dose ever entered his stomach; a judgment he was able to form, by examining the contents of a remaining phial; for the apothecary, according to the practice of the fraternity, had not been sparing of his allowance. Doctor Linctus, for that

was the name of the physician, ordered a sedative for the sick man, and he departed, promising to call again in the course of a couple of hours. He had scarcely left the house, when Monsieur Cornichon entered it, and upon his inquiring after the state of the patient, Fulgence told him of the success of his prescription, adding, with a good deal of acrimony in look and manner, "that he did not understand how people could reconcile to their consciences the giving of medicines, with the nature and effects of which they seemed to be entirely unacquainted." The operator was not at all discomposed by this attack, but answered with great dignity "that he was right in what he had ordered, although Doctor Linctus had disapproved of it; for the most skilful of the faculty would differ at times." Fulgence replied, "'twas lucky they did, for if they all agreed to
treat

treat their patients as Monsieur Cornichon did his, the human race would not hold it out a twelvemonth." Monsieur Cornichon retorted, by calling Fulgence an impertinent fellow? Fulgence rejoined, that he had never assassinated any one; and this dialogue had like to have ended in a cuffing match, when Mad. de Rosenfelt came in, and chided Fulgence for making such a noise, when his master was so ill. Monsieur Cornichon took this opportunity to sneak off, and Fulgence, with tears in his eyes, apologized to Mad. de Rosenfelt for the disturbance he had created, assuring her at the same time, that if he had followed the dictates of his indignation, he would have thrown Cornichon out of the window, as a barbarian who put people to death without pity or remorse.

CHAP. XII.

MADAME de Rosenfelt waited until the return of Dr. Linctus ; and as soon as he had examined Brinboc, she pressed him to let her know his real sentiments, whether he was in immediate danger or not. The doctor answered, that Brinboc had to combat, not only the attacks of his distemper, which he conceived to be a rheumatic fever ; but likewise the bad effects of the improper treatment he had received ; that, however, his youth was in his favour, and therefore hopes might still be entertained. Madame de Rosenfelt turned pale at this discourse, and said, in a faltering voice,

“ You think then, sir, that our only hopes are in the goodness of his constitution ? ” — “ Nay, madam,” returned the learned man, arching his eye-brows, and smiling, with a look of self-complacency, “ I do not say so much ; the succours of the healing art are inexhaustible ; the composing draught which I ordered for M. de Brinboc has already produced considerable effect in allaying the spasmodic affections occasioned by the deleterious potion administered by that ignoramus, who would only meet with his deserts, if he was sent to the castle of Spandau, for pretending to do any thing beyond drawing a tooth, or breathing a vein ; but I must not deceive you, our patient’s case is a very serious one ; and if you desire it, I will make use of his first lucid interval to put him in mind of making his will.” This was too much for Madame de Rosenfelt ;

Rosenfelt; she burst into tears, and intreated the doctor to endeavour to save Brinboc's life, for that her cares did not extend to what might happen *after his* death. "Very well, madam," replied Dr. Linctus, "I shall exert myself to the utmost of my power, most assuredly; but," continued he, with an air of modesty, "I am loth to trust to my own knowledge and experience alone; if you think proper, I will call in the assistance of the court physician, Doctor Guilderman."—"Sir," answered Madame de Rosenfelt, "I have not the smallest authority in this house. M. de Brinboc is my friend, and a stranger in this country; as such I have thought him entitled to the common offices of friendship and humanity; but I cannot undertake to give any positive directions in a matter which was not left to my determination; at the same time that I do not see any

reason why another physician should not be sent for."—"Certainly not, certainly not," exclaimed Dr. Linctus, who immediately sent off a messenger to Dr. Guilderman requesting his attendance without loss of time. Madame de Rosenfelt then retired, leaving an injunction with Fulgence to let her know if any thing new occurred.

To find Dr. Guilderman was not such an easy matter: he was ever in requisition: he was the Jupiter Sospitator of half the town; and to his care was entrusted the health of the prettiest women, and the most illustrious statesmen of the age. Dr. Guilderman was not without merit, but it was not his talents which had brought him into repute; it was a combination of circumstances that enabled him to leave all his competitors at a great distance, and what grieved them most, to get so much money, that if
beards

beards had been in fashion, he might have worn a golden one, like the god of Epidaurus.

This favourite of fortune was a native of Prussian Pomerania, and had spent the first part of his life in the laboratory of a chemist, after which he commenced apothecary, then became a surgeon, and in this last capacity he had the good luck to perform a successful operation on one of the ministers, to whom he had been called in default of the family surgeon, suddenly taken ill. The minister, who happened also to be his townsman, recommended him to the king's mistress, the favourite to her royal lover, and from that moment his fame encreased to such a degree, that he had more practice than he could attend to; and three universities presented him with diplomas in sciences concerning which he had never troubled his head. The Doctor's car-

riage was to be seen in every fashionable street in Berlin, in the course of the morning, and the velocity with which he alighted from his vehicle and darted into it again, astonished the passers-by, and announced a man replete with zeal for the welfare of those committed to his charge, as he only pocketed about eight or ten thousand ducats a year for those meteor-like apparitions.—'Tis true his patients died, like those of the rest of the faculty, but he could not tie up the shears of Atropos; and they carried with them to the other world, no doubt, the satisfaction of having given up the ghost in an unexceptionable manner.

Such was the man who was about to exert his judgment and penetration to extricate Brinboc from the perilous situation in which we left him. He did not arrive, however, until near seven o'clock in the afternoon, for he had been

to

to Potzdam to visit Field-marshal Bombardendorf, who lay dangerously ill of a cholera-morbus, and he was so overpowered by fatigue and want of nourishment, not having taken any for twelve hours, that he did not even look at the sick man, but throwing himself into an arm chair, he said that he would be led entirely by the symptoms Dr. Linctus should describe to him. The latter, who was an eloquent man, began to unfold the origin and progress of the disease, with his usual flow of words, and was expatiating on the well-merited chastisement of those who put themselves into such hands as M. Cornichon, instead of recurring immediately to the oracles of the art, when inclining forward, as if in homage to the court physician, he perceived that he was fast asleep ! What was to be done in such a case ? To go on descanting on disorders and their cures, was

mere waste of breath. To awake the drowsy disciple of Hippocrates, would be to tell him plainly that he had been caught napping, *certainly* an ungracious office for any one to perform : but men of genius are never without expedients, and by a single glance of the eye often discover the means of disentangling themselves from the most serious difficulties. Dr. Linctus perceived Fulgence's leaden instrument, which we had occasion to mention before, lying upon the table close at his elbow ; he had nothing to do but shove it towards the edge, and let it roll off ; and if the noise it made by falling to the ground did not rouse Dr. Guilderman, he must be in a worse way than his patient. This stratagem succeeded to a nicety, and ought to serve as a model of address to all great men, when they wish to impart a little reproof, without hurting each others feelings.

While

While Linctus was employed in picking up the paterera, and making excuses for his supposed awkwardness, Guilderman had time to rub his eyes, shake himself, and collect his ideas for making a proper answer to the discourse he had *not* heard.—Accordingly he set to work, and acquitted himself in a way that would have done honour to Galen or Avicenna: but Morpheus, who seemed determined to play him a trick, was beginning to press upon his eye-lids anew, when Dr. Linctus was seized with a violent fit of coughing in the critical moment; and Dr. Guilderman, not chusing to run any more risks, got up, and assuring his colleague that he agreed perfectly with him in his mode of treating Brinboc's disorder, according to the Brunonian system, he took his *Frederic d'Or*, and went home to get that repose of which he stood so much in need.

Brinboc's delirium had now subsided ; and whether it was owing to the wholesome effects of the Brunonian system, or the goodness of his own constitution, we cannot say ; but he mended rapidly, and in less than a week had little to complain of besides the weakness usually attendant on violent fits of illness. We will venture to surmise, however, that Madame de Rosenfelt's occasional visits did him no harm ; on the contrary, they served to cheer the hours of his convalescence, and to dispel those gloomy images that so often haunt the mind when the body is in a debilitated state. As she always came accompanied by a female friend, their company and conversation had that soothing charm which belongs, in an exclusive manner, to the softer sex.

We shall leave for a time Brinboc to the attentions of those friends, and the assiduities of the faithful Fulgence, and
turn

turn to the events which happened to Eugenie, and which we did not mention before, for fear of breaking the thread of our history.

CHAP. XIII.

FROM the day on which Brinboc had left Fontenaye-aux-Roses, it was the chief study of Eugenie and Madame de Flavigny to live in the greatest obscurity, a state they courted with as much solicitude, as other persons commonly endeavour to be seen or known. For some time nothing occurred to break in upon their tranquillity, and they fancied that they were forgotten by a world, the recollection of which only served to fill them with regret or terror.—But their hopes were not altogether well-founded. Previous to the events which had occasioned this voluntary seclusion, Eugenie in one of her walks had attracted the
notice

notice of a man who resided in the neighbourhood, and whose first business, after he had seen her, was to inquire who she was; and with whom she lived? The answers he received to those inquiries were such as did not please him by any means, and he deemed it necessary to give up all further pursuit, at least for the present; but when he heard of Brinboc's departure from Fontenaye, which he knew included also his exile from France, he determined to recommence his labours, and to spare no efforts in order to be introduced to Mademoiselle de Brinboc. This was a difficulty not easily to be conquered, unless he chose to make his appearance within her walls in the engaging shape of a municipal officer, or domiciliary visitor; and then it must be with such company as probably would not prepossess Eugénie, or indeed any body beside, in his favour.

favour. To think of meeting with her elsewhere was out of the question ; for she visited no one that he could hear of. These obstacles only served to irritate his desire of seeing and speaking to the fair recluse, and consequently his imagination began to work in order to devise some means for putting his scheme into execution ; unfortunately this imagination had been often too successfully employed in plotting the ruin of innocence and virtue. The person of whom we are now speaking was one of those monsters, for whose existence in moral life we are as much at a loss to account, as for that of the most noxious reptiles in the animal creation. It has often been doubted, even by those least inclined to judge favourably of humanity, whether man, in his most corrupt and abandoned state, was capable of loving and pursuing evil for evil's sake ;

fake; yet, perhaps, the question might be determined, if it were possible to lay before the reader the atrocities of which this wretch was guilty:—atrocities unsolicited by passion, unprovoked by the springs of action hitherto known, and unheard of, even among those who considered themselves as accomplished masters in wickedness. To prove that this is not an exaggerated picture, would be very easy: were it as easy to produce the proofs of its resemblance, without causing emotions of disgust and horror, which it is not our wish to excite; but we have selected the following fact, because of a less horrible nature than some before alluded to, (though enough to make one shudder,) and because it is of considerable notoriety, especially in the south of France. About thirty years ago, the Marquis de Chevreuille being at Marseilles, con-

ceived an abominable passion for a lady, whom every principle of honour, and even decency, ought to have preserved sacred from his brutal wishes; for she was no other than his own sister-in-law. Enraged at the opposition which it may naturally be supposed he met with, he thought of a plot which never could have been hatched out of hell, or out of the head of such a miscreant. He had it rumoured that he was going to leave Marseilles, but that, previous to his departure, he would give an entertainment to his friends and acquaintances; accordingly the principal persons of the town, of both sexes, were invited to a ball, which was followed by a magnificent supper, and in the dessert he had taken care to have a favourite dish of sweetmeats prepared in such a manner that the persons who eat of it (nearly the whole company) as soon as they returned

returned to the ball-room, and recommenced dancing, were affected and inflamed in a way that cannot be specified here, but which ended in a scene similar to the orgies we read of in the history of Sardanapalus, or of Tiberius at Caprea; in the madness of which he completed his execrable design, and then effected his escape. It is needless to add, that the persons thus abused, no sooner recovered from their temporary phrenzy, than they endeavoured to wreak their vengeance upon the perpetrator of this infamous deed, and M. de Chevreille's evasion, among other circumstances, left no doubt of his being the author of it. The matter was juridically inquired into, and he was condemned to be broke upon the wheel; but he had fled into Italy, from whence he only returned, together with some other blessings, when the revolution in his country let loose
upon

upon society the ruffian and the outlaw. Nor was his impunity to be wondered at, for M. de M., a man of splendid talents, but whose depravity was only surpassed by his own, then governed the state, and he was Chevreuille's near relation by blood, as well as disposition. Such was the man whose every faculty was now bent upon compassing the means of Eugénie's destruction, at the time that innocent girl had vainly flattered herself that not even the prying eye of iniquity would give itself the trouble of disturbing her tranquillity. Eugénie's beauty, to an ordinary libertine, would have been temptation enough; but to Chevreuille, her virtue, her principles, and her singular situation, were so many additional incentives: besides he had heard that her brother was a young man of high honour; and this consideration, which had deterred him from attempting

attempting any thing while that brother was present, (for the villain was not brave,) now goaded him on with unremitting stimulation. Had he chosen to employ force and violence for the attainment of his ends, he might have accomplished them in less time than he was thinking on the subject; an order issued by one of the committees of the convention, and which was to be obtained upon demand, would have transported the unfortunate Eugenie to the *Conciergerie*, or *la Force*, while another would have procured her liberation: that is to say, her surrender into his own hands; but then this measure would have procured him only a partial enjoyment: it was necessary for the feast of refined malice, that the victim should be accessory to its own destruction; that the mind should be corrupted before the person was violated; and above all, that the noble
spirited

spirited brother should hear of his sister's ruin, with the aggravating horror of her having been wilfully instrumental to his and her own dishonour.

About this time some troops were sent into winter quarters, and billeted upon the inhabitants of Fontenaye and the neighbouring villages; among others, Eugenie received an order to entertain three *chaffcurs* at her house. No sooner did Chevreille hear of this determination, than he drove to Paris with the greatest speed, and making interest there with some of his friends in power, obtained, without much difficulty, an exemption from the general regulation, in favour of Mademoiselle de Brinboc. Overjoyed at being able to make his first appearance in the character of a friend, he returned immediately to Fontenaye, and sent the written order to Eugenie, inclosed in the following note :

“ M. de

“ M. De Chevreuille hearing that Mademoiselle de Brinboc was under the disagreeable necessity of providing lodgings, &c. at her house for some soldiers, and judging how very unpleasant such company must be to a family of ladies, has taken the liberty of presenting her with an order of government, which will exonerate her from the common regulation. The only excuse M. de Chevreuille can offer for his conduct in this instance, is a wish to be useful to the daughter of a man with whose virtues he had the good fortune to be well acquainted, and for whose memory he entertains the greatest respect.”

Eugenie and Mademoiselle de Flavigny were astonished when they perused this polite epistle : such a friendly deed,—the language of a gentleman,—then to be freed from the noise, smoking, and insolence of military visitors, was equal
to

to an escape from purgatory.—M. de Chevreuille was to them another St. Michael.—To be protected by a friend of her father's was a delicious thought. But why not mention her brother? 'Tis true Eugenie had never heard him mention the name of Chevreuille; probably he was an elderly man, some acquaintance of her father's when she was in the convent. Mademoiselle de Flavigny did not like his interest with government, though she relished its effects: she could augur no good of people who, at least, held a candle to the devil.—But then they both agreed that the manner in which the service was performed, enhanced its value; and M. de Chevreuille's delicacy in not pretending to intrude upon their privacy, was a presumption in his favour.—In short, the result of this little council was such as the reader has, no doubt, anticipated:
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in generous minds gratitude will leave prudence in the back ground, and in this case we cannot be surprized if suspicion was lulled to sleep; so that the gardener was summoned and dispatched with the following billet; for Chevreuille's messenger, according to orders, had not waited for an answer :

“ Mademoiselle de Brinboc's most grateful thanks attend on M. de Chevreuille, for his friendly interference in her favour, and she should deem herself unworthy of his attention, if she did not make him the only return in her power: as the friend of her father, Mademoiselle de Brinboc can have no objection to see M. de Chevreuille, whenever he may find it convenient to call, and then she will be happy to express how much she considers herself indebted to M. de Chevreuille.”

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The gardener brought back a verbal message, that *Monficur* would do himself the honour of waiting on Mademoiselle de Brinboc the next morning.

CHAP. XIV.

CHEVREVILLE, as soon as he had dispatched the gardener, began to reflect on the part he had to act the following day. To attack, had long been his practice, and as he was always indifferent about the sort of weapons he should use, he never was under much apprehension concerning the result of the contest. But this warfare bore features to which he had not been accustomed: to assail innocence and beauty with success, he considered as no very great achievement, yet, in the present instance, innocence was hedged round with such precautions, as to make it not less difficult of access

than experience, and he dreaded the obstacles which Mad. de Flavigny's auxiliary prudence might throw in the way. He determined therefore, that the first day's visit should be entirely devoted to observation, without a single look, word, or gesture, that might create suspicion. With such cogitations did he go to sleep at night, and with such cogitations did he rise in the morning, after which, he went to Eugenie's house, to whom he was immediately introduced. Long as Chevreille had been accustomed to eye with calmness, and even apparent indifference, the objects he had secretly marked out for destruction, still, when he beheld the fair Eugenie face to face, he experienced a sensation, to which until that moment, he had been a stranger; and if he had been before excited by her beauty, he was now awed by the dignity of her manner,

manner, and he almost wished that he was not a villain. While this transient gleam illumined the dark soul of Chevreuille, Eugenie was employed in making unfeigned acknowledgments for the service he had rendered her, and she added, that it was doubly acceptable as coming from a person, whose only inducement for acting in this manner, was veneration for one whose memory was dear to her as her existence. "Yes Madame," returned the artful Chevreuille, "it was my happiness to have known your father, and to have been honoured with his intimacy, notwithstanding the disparity of our years; for by a singularity in my disposition, I never had any relish for the amusements in which young men commonly indulge, in the onset of life; chance favoured me with the acquaintance of the Baron de Brinboc, and I made it my principal business

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business to profit by his example and conversation. Just as I indulged in the thoughts of receiving an accession of pleasure from the society of your brother, who then was on the point of leaving college, and concerning whom I had heard the most flattering reports, the regiment in which I served was ordered to Pondicherry, and I was forced to quit Paris at a very short notice. I shall never forget the conversation which took place, the last time I saw your father; his language was more than usually animated: it was wisdom enlivened by the purest benevolence; and among many expressions indelibly fixed upon my memory, he used the following words: ‘my young friend, you are now going to become acquainted with the world, because you are about to leave those who are interested in your welfare and happiness: the world

world has no such interest, all therefore must depend upon yourself; in the general rules of conduct you are, I believe, pretty well versed, but in regard to the particular profession in which we are engaged, allow me to remark, that though the paths to eminence be many, there is only one road to lasting glory, and that is by preferring duty to glory itself; this sacrifice is of all others the most painful, especially to an ardent mind, but its recompence is also of the most certain and stable nature, and you will find in the enjoyment of conscious rectitude, a reward of which neither injustice nor ingratitude can ever deprive you.' Immediately on my arrival in India, I wrote to the Baron, and was honoured by a letter from him, which until lately, I religiously preserved; but unto none of my subsequent letters did I ever re-

ceive

ceive any answer, whether from miscarriage, or any other cause, I could not discover, as upon my return to France, I found that he was no more. The perturbed state of things, and a succession of untoward events, prevented me from making myself known to your family; when a few months ago, having learned that you and your brother resided at Fontenaye-aux-Roses, the very day on which I meant to have sought for the representatives of my revered friend, I was arrested and thrown into prison as a royalist, by the revolutionary government. I daily saw my companions in misfortune led out to slaughter, and I should infallibly have shared the same fate, had I not been saved by an old brother officer, who, though an enthusiast for the new system of government, was not quite deaf to the voice of humanity, and to his protection also
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am I indebted for the pleasure which I this moment enjoy ; since it was he who put it in my power to render you the trifling service, which you are pleased to remunerate so much above its value." The unsuspecting Eugénie was thanking Chevreuille for his well-told narrative, when Mad. de Flavigny entered the room, and after introducing the strangers to each other, she recapitulated to the latter, the story to which she had just been listening ; but no sooner did Mad. de Flavigny hear of the voyage to Pondicherry, than she interrupted her discourse, by asking Chevreuille how he had left M. de la Marque, the civil governor of that place, who was her cousin ; "tolerably well," replied Chevreuille, "he made but a bad match there," returned Mad. de Flavigny, "I cannot say," answered Chevreuille, "for I had not the pleasure of being acquainted with

his wife." "I am surprised at that," exclaimed Mad. de Flavigny, "for it is always customary for the civil department to be particularly attentive to military officers in the colonies, and had you ever been in my cousin's house, you must have seen his wife, as I am well informed she reserves all authority in it to herself." Chevreille was beginning to wish the civil governor and all the family, not omitting his cousins, at old Nick, when Eugenie fortunately relieved him from his embarrassment by observing that it was some time since M. de Chevreille had left Pondicherry, and that considerable changes might have taken place in the domestic affairs of M. de la Marque, between that period and the one when Mad. de Flavigny had received her last accounts from thence. She then continued her recital, at the conclusion of which, Mad.

de

de Flavigny likewise offered a tribute of thanks to M. de Chevreille for his seasonable interference, and the conversation turned upon general subjects.

So far things had gone very well for Chevreille, considering that all he had uttered was one series of falsehoods, and that he had never seen Eugenie's father in his life: but as simulation and dissimulation were the constant objects of his thoughts, he was continually under the apprehension of some unfortunate combination of circumstances breaking in upon his plans, by displaying that studied insincerity which was the foundation of them all.—This is the curse of hypocrisy.—Chevreille was thus obliged to be ever on the watch, for fear of being surprised, and not only to guard against the discoveries of others, but to profit by every little incident which might favour his projects, and

bestow upon them that air of plausibility they so much required. In conformity to those habits of deception, which now formed an integral part of Chevreuille's nature, he took a convenient opportunity of asking Eugenie if she had not a picture or portrait of her father? "Yes," replied the amiable girl, "it once hung over the spot on which you sit, but it has been removed into another room, where you shall see it," saying this she got up, and Chevreuille followed her into an apartment where there were several family pictures. This was a hazardous attempt, and to one less consummate in the wiles and frauds of villany, it might have produced effects exactly contrary to those for which it was intended; but Chevreuille, with an affected appearance of vexation exclaimed, "I have forgotten my glasses, and I am too short-sighted to be able to discern

discern

discern the features of one portrait from those of another, pray which is your father's?" "That nearest to the window," answered Eugenie. As soon as Chevreuille had obtained the information he wanted, he drew a stool under the painting, and getting upon it, threw himself into the attitude of one gazing with delight on a beloved object: to this dumb shew, succeeded broken phrases and single words, such as, "yes! yes! how like—that air of candour—his dignified look,—calmness,—venerable old man—oh! my friend." Then giving way as it were, to emotions which he could not master, he covered his eyes with his hand, and turning from Eugenie, he walked solemnly to a window, and after a silence of about a minute, again resumed to this effect: "Madame," said he, "although I have this day experienced

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a plea-

a pleasure of a very refined nature, yet I should but dissemble, were I not to confess also that my breast has felt affections of a melancholy kind; nevertheless, I should be truly happy to indulge very often in these delicious sensations, were it consistent with our safety, and agreeable to your wishes; but, situated as we are, both equally subject to the suspicions of a jealous and tyrannical governor, it is but prudent to avoid every circumstance that may awaken suspicion; for this reason I shall be under the necessity of denying myself the satisfaction of often paying you my respects." He then took leave of the ladies, and retired fully contented with a beginning which promised the fullest success.

CHAP. XV.

CHEVREVILLE had two motives for professing the resolution with which we terminated the last chapter : in the first place, he clearly perceived that nothing was to be gained by precipitation, at the same time that this semblance of self-denial might operate in his favour with Mademoiselle de Brinboc ; and secondly, some business of another sort required a temporary absence from Fontenay ; namely, his being sent by the government as a spy to one of the southern departments, an office for which he was eminently qualified, and which he was glad to embrace, in hopes
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of emolument ; for Chevreuille's avidity after money, could only be surpassed by the prodigality with which he squandered it away, in the prosecution of his nefarious practices. We shall therefore congratulate the inhabitants of the south, upon the acquisition they are about to make, and return to the Hero of these memoirs.

As soon as Brinboc had paid his attendant physician, and discharged his apothecary's bills, not omitting that of Monsieur Cornichon, which in strict justice he need not have done, for the law does not oblige any man to be accessory to his own destruction; he discovered that the debilitating effects of sickness are not confined alone to the body of the patient, but extend themselves likewise to the purse ; the juridical axiom, "*luat in corpore, qui non potest luere in crumena,*" being often reversed
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in our intercourse with the children of *Æsculapius*. After moralizing for some time on these and other subjects, for what mind ever stuck to one thing, when it was once set a musing? Brinboc desired Fulgence to go and seek for lodgings in a private house, as those at the Hotel began to appear too expensive. Fulgence had not taken his departure a quarter of an hour, when the porter announced a visitor to Brinboc, who proved to be his friend, the minute philosopher. "Sir," said the sage, "I met with your servant yesterday in the street, and hearing from him that you were sick, I have called here, in order to effect your cure, without having recourse to the tribe of body-coblers, and their nauseous prescriptions." "I am sorry," answered Brinboc, "that you were not sooner informed of my malady, of which I am now quite recovered,

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ed, not however, without paying in more ways than one for the re-establishment of my health; but I confess myself equally obliged to you for your friendly intentions." "No obligation whatever," replied the little man, "I felt a disagreeable sensation, when I was told of your indisposition, and nature prompting us to get rid of every thing that is painful, I thought to relieve myself by coming to your assistance." "Well," returned Brinboc, "as the past cannot be recalled, I would advise you to communicate your easy and efficacious remedy to me, by which means I shall be able to defy all future attacks of sickness, and you will not be troubled with disagreeable sensations on my account." "O! readily," exclaimed the unlicensed practitioner, "the process is both easy and efficacious, as you rightly judged it to be;

be; simply thus: whenever you feel yourself assailed by any disorder, keep your mind in a perfect state of suspense in the first instance; as for example, in a fit of the stranguary, do not let your thoughts oscillate to and fro, between the notions of pain, and the desire of being relieved, now bending towards the regions of the *vesica*, and demesnes thereunto appertaining, then swinging back to catheters, fomentations, and the rest of the trumpery talked of by the medical herd: this point gained, seize the earliest opportunity of making an act of velleity that you *will not* be sick, and then proceeding from the general principle to the particular application, as in our present case, make a second act of velleity, both prompt and vigorous, that you *will have* a copious discharge; and if this last act be performed in a manner adequate to the end which it
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is meant to produce, your only care will be, to have a vessel at hand, for fear of too sudden an evacuation: pray is not this method very simple?" "Vastly simple indeed," answered Brinboc, "so simple, that I fear my mind is too complex, ever to be able to reduce it to practice, and I might die of the stranguary, before a single drop would descend from the *vesica*, out of respect for all my acts of velleity." "There it is," resumed the philosopher, "you are a slave to prejudice, and the victim of a bad education; had you been accustomed to command your will, as you have been used to exercise your limbs, both would be equally obedient to your desires; and I can answer for myself, that I constantly experience the truth of this assertion, and as a case in point, remember the night that you helped me out of the kennel; well, Sir,

Sir, another would have kept his bed for three days, in consequence of the fall, whereas, I willed to be on my legs the next morning, and on those legs I performed a journey of four leagues; to be sure I limped a little, but that was merely owing to my own inattention, in not forming a more vigorous act of velleity." Brinboc acknowledged this argument to be irresistible, but at the same time requested to know why this same power of willing, did not prevent a man from getting drunk, and breaking his bones, when he had overcharged his stomach with liquor? and why it did not operate also towards the conservation of his coat, breeches, hat, &c. instead of allowing them to become greasy and thread-bare, in common with similar articles belonging to the slaves of prejudice, and the victims of bad education? This brace of queries,

queries, coming unexpectedly upon the stage, somewhat startled him at first, but as it is the duty of a metaphysician to solve every difficulty, and never to give up an argument, were he at the last gasp, our little man was preparing to open the cataracts of his eloquence, and to pour forth such a deluge of words, as would have puzzled Aristotle and the master of the Sentences, when Brinboc was rescued from this inundation of nonsense, by the seasonable appearance of Fulgence, who told him that he had found lodgings to his liking, and who added also, that dinner was ready. Brinboc having an unspeakable dislike to dining alone, invited the philosopher to share in his repast, an offer which the latter accepted without hesitation, and arming himself no doubt, with a vigorous act of velleity, in order to do honour to the entertainment, he performed

formed such feats as astonished his host, and devoured more victuals in a quarter of an hour, than a man not possessed of the same secret, could have done at three meals. His devotions to the bottle, were marked with a degree of zeal and fervor equally edifying, and were attended with the good effect of making him speak less metaphysically, so that by the time the dessert was put upon the table he began to talk like a rational being. Brinboc thought this a good opportunity for asking him his name, which by the bye, he had never thought of before. "My name," answered the other, "is Halfaz, and in addition to this piece of information, if you have nothing else to do, I will give you a short account of my life; for" continued he, "I am not one of those people who make a mystery about themselves, that is to say, about nothing."

nothing.” “I will listen to you, with great pleasure,” returned Brinboc, and the philosopher began his narration, to the following purport.

CHAP. XVI.

“ I AM a native of Straßburgh, and the son of a tanner, who meant to have brought me up to his own trade ; but being sent by him one day to the academy of arts and sciences, with a specimen of leather, which had been prepared by a newly invented chemical process, I was so struck with the language, appearance, and deportment of the learned assembly, that I resolved from that moment to renounce the curing of hides, and to dedicate my time and labour to the acquisition of knowledge. This plan, however, was sooner conceived than put into execution ; for being without money or friends, I was forced to remain
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with my father until the expiration of my apprenticeship, when I obtained from him permission to remove to Paris, and a few livres to defray the expences of my journey, the only consideration which had prevented me from giving him the flip before. I no sooner arrived at the city of wisdom, than I presented myself, together with a letter of recommendation to a currier of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, whom I begged to place me immediately where I might go through a course of philosophy. The dealer in leather stared at this request, and thinking that he had misunderstood the words, on account of my provincial accent, made me repeat my petition; upon this second hearing he answered, "that he did not know what I was driving at; that if I chose to conduct myself like an industrious tradesman, he would get me employment in a neighbouring tan-yard;

but that if I gave myself up to evil courses, he would then have nothing to say to me, and, moreover, make my father acquainted with his son's disorderly behaviour." This Vandal-like reception astonished me not a little, for my oracle at Strasburgh, who was a hair-dresser from Paris, had told me a thousand times that the capital was a paradise upon earth, where every man was both polite and learned, and where money and knowledge were as common as the dirt in the streets: and though I did not find his simile in this respect entirely correct, still I must acquit myself of one obligation towards the man, by confessing that it was he who first taught me to despise the absurd prejudices of religion, in conformity to the example of the most renowned philosophers of the day.—However, I had nothing for it but to resign myself to my fate, and

recommence acquaintance with the tanyard. In this abject state I remained for some time, without making much progress in the science of wisdom, when one morning a shoe-maker from the vicinity of the Palais Royal, coming to us for some articles in the way of trade, he happened to mention that Monsieur Dorimont, the celebrated writer, was in want of an errand-boy, his own having chosen to decamp the preceding day with a small sum which he was bringing home from the bookseller's. This piece of intelligence did not fail to attract my notice, and as soon as the shoe-maker left the place, I hurried after him and asked if he thought I might fill up the vacancy in M. Dorimont's household? "O yes," replied he, eyeing me from head to foot, "I think you will do very well; as your whole business will be to clean shoes, help the scullion, and run of
mes-

messages." I forgave the wag, knowing that the Parisians are all witty, and, not to lose time, I proceeded forthwith to the author's house, and had the good fortune to be received immediately into his service. My new master's establishment was not very magnificent, for a woman servant and myself composed the whole of his retinue; and as he was rather avaricious, I was allowed but small wages and short commons; but to make up for those privations, I soon perceived that I had got into the very midriff of philosophy. Our house was frequented by all the great geniuses of the capital, and persons of the first distinction sometimes formed part of the company, in order to retail in other societies the apophthegms, scraps of learning, and smart sayings, which they picked up among the sages of fashion. There was besides another circumstance that added greatly to the

reputation of those meetings, and made them exceedingly sought after : namely, that whoever was absent was sure to be libelled ; it was indifferent whether the conversation turned upon a new play, a poem, a novel, a work of history, or a treatise of morality, the author was certain to be arraigned and convicted of dullness, ignorance and incapacity ; if he was not an admirer and partizan of M. Dorimont's, and even these were now and then a little roughly handled, when not present to defend their own lucubrations.—But this philosophical liberty of speech was gloriously conspicuous when any religious subject came to be treated of : it was then that my master held forth with that eloquence and energy peculiar to himself ; it was then that he would descant upon the horrible consequences of priestcraft and superstition ; it was then that he would point out the pure, modest,

modest, and amiable virtues of Paganism, and the persecuting spirit of the gospel; it was then that he used prophetically to denounce anarchy and ruin to the nations and governments that fostered the viper of religion in their bosoms; and peace and happiness to the country where the last of kings should be strangled with the bowels of the last of priests. Indeed upon those occasions M. Dorimont's feelings were sometimes so violent as not to find a sufficient vent in words, and then one of his disciples was obliged to pour a basin of cold water upon his head in order to allay the effervescence of his fiery genius.—I perceive that you smile, (said Halfaz to Brinboc,) but the fact is notorious, and there are many who can bear witness to the truth of this anecdote; and I remember having been once obliged to perform the ceremony myself, in consequence of the

assembly's breaking up in a tumultuous manner, from the paroxysms of delight with which they were seized, on having it satisfactorily proved to them, that their souls were no more immaterial than the gizzard of a turkey cock.—I was not admitted, as you may suppose, to those learned discussions, but I continued to steal in as often as possible, under the pretext of snuffing the candles, or stirring the fire, and at other times listened at the door to catch some particles of the general inspiration. This zeal did not go unrewarded; my master soon perceived that I was not made of common stuff, and that the seeds of philosophy were likely to fructify in such a soil; he therefore asked me one day, whether I could read or write? and on my answering in the affirmative, he raised me to the rank of his amanuensis. I had now the stores of learning, that is to say, M. Dori-
mont's

mont's library under my command, and I endeavoured to turn them to the best account; but this wonderful man told me on several occasions, that it would be no great loss to the world if all the books in it were burnt, provided the Encyclopedie escaped. I was first at a loss to comprehend the meaning of so extraordinary a proscription from the mouth of a literary genius, until I found that my master had been one of the principal compilers of that immortal work, where every thing is mentioned at least.

“ For three years I enjoyed this enviable situation, in which I had nothing to complain of, excepting hard labour and scanty meals, for you are not to imagine that my place of secretary exempted me from the exercise of menial offices, which I continued to perform as before; but I was amply repaid by

the lessons of wisdom that I daily received, either from the conversation or the writings of this great luminary.— There was besides another advantage, and that of the first importance, which I reaped from the nature of my new employment, which was becoming acquainted with the most proper and efficacious methods of propagating philosophy.— You are, I fear, Monsieur de Brinboc, too much fettered by the trammels of early prejudices, to approve entirely of all our measures ; but they were, I assure you, indispensibly necessary ; and the good which has already resulted to the world from them, forms their complete justification.

“ In the first place, it was a ruling principle with us, always to flatter those in power, and to ensure their protection by that species of homage which can be very easily offered, because it costs
nothing,

nothing, and which has been termed by an English poet,

“ Incense kindled at the muse’s flame.”

Our next maxim was to spare no man, if in a subordinate station, who should be bold enough to combat our system: the best of it is, that we accused the Jesuits of acting according to those identical principles, and thereby procured their destruction; but it is the end that sanctifies the means, and therefore the cases are widely dissimilar.—Our next, and consequent step, was to make ourselves masters of all the passes to literary eminence, so that any man who was not of the party, was sure to be annoyed and harassed to that degree, that he preferred living in obscurity, rather than encounter the intrigues, cabals, and opposition, to which our enmity infallibly exposed him. Having once obtained

possession of the vantage ground, it was always at our discretion, either to attack or retire, as best suited the exigency of the moment, and we often made a merit of admitting to a participation of academical honours some few persons of distinguished merit, whose sentiments were known not to agree exactly with our own, but who were not at all to be dreaded, from the comparative smallness of their numbers in the various learned societies. By these, and other stratagems, such as forming factions at the theatre, to damn any piece that hinted, even obliquely, at our operations: by crying down every publication which issued from the pens of the adverse party, and by holding up to ridicule the persons of those who dared to oppose us, we gained the grand point of persuading the world, that our opinions were those of the great majority, and that they who attempted

attempted to impugn our doctrines, were equally destitute of public spirit and of common sense. From that moment we were certain of victory; the rumour spread from the capital to the most distant provinces, and then resounded back again, with an echo that stunned the ears of those who held the reins of government, and made them deaf to the remonstrances of our opponents, and if we met with the shadow of a check, our watchword was ‘Persecution and fanaticism.’ Our writings, our speeches, our cotteries, and our partizans, breathed nothing but the accents of injured innocence, and appeals to the humanity of mankind; and our enemies often felt in reality that severity of chastisement which we protested against, by way of prevention, in the same manner that children cry out before they are touched. As a proof of this last assertion, M. Tur-

got, who stipulated with the king upon entering the ministry, that the practice of *Lettres de Cachet* should be no longer continued, issued some himself against certain writers who chose to animadvert on the utility or propriety of part of his administration. By this you will perceive that our efforts were not confined to the methods of persuasion only, but that we had also recourse to coercive measures; and if there be something unphilosophical in this mode of proceeding, it should be remembered that human nature is at times refractory, and blind to its own interests, in which case it is lawful to force happiness upon it, especially when the dispensers of good are in a decided minority. My master was now dead, and likewise buried in consecrated ground by the connivance of the parish priest, who might have prevented it, on account of the professed
atheism

atheism of Monsieur Dorimont, who, on his part, in my opinion, ought to have ordered his body to be interred in the public highway, to shew a proper contempt for all religious institutions. My next step in life was to commence author, which, when a man has neither fame or money, signifies the same as becoming the servant of a bookseller, and that upon worse terms than his other domestics, who, besides their wages, have a share of the family dinner. At it then I drudged through many a tedious day, and many a dreary night : sometimes translating German novels and plays, and sometimes writing plans for the dismemberment of the Turkish empire ; sometimes my employer would desire me to work on subjects with which I was totally unacquainted, and when I ventured to remonstrate, he used to say, dryly, ‘ that there were plenty of books
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of reference in the royal library, which was open to every one.' I employed the few moments of leisure allowed to me by my taskmaster, in composing a comedy, which was no sooner completed, than I carried it to a player, whom I had obliged, by sounding his praises in the newspapers, and I requested his interest to get it performed, in which he succeeded at last, though not without considerable difficulty, for at Paris there is more of cabal and intrigue among the actors and actresses, than among the ministers of state; and the public is foolish enough, or wise enough, to attach nearly as much importance to the one as to the other.

“ My performance was completely damned the first night; but this did not prevent me from making a second attempt, which, unfortunately, fared no better than the former. However, I
was

was not a man to be daunted by such mischances, for I may literally say, that I hungered and thirsted after success. I came to the charge a third time, and had the satisfaction to see my efforts crowned with success; in other words, my piece had a pretty good run, and I was proud to announce myself to the world as its author. The critics pretended that it did not display Moliere's profound knowledge of human nature, the wit of Gresset, or even the grotesque humour of Beaumarchais; but I consoled myself for their impertinent cavils, with the louis which I pocketed on the occasion, and by reflecting that my comedy afforded a strong proof of the gradual progress of the mind towards perfection, as it contained many philosophical strokes, which the great master of the art had never dreamt of.

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“My first step after this triumph, was to run to the bookseller, by whom I desired to be considered as no longer in his service, a piece of news which he affected to receive with utter indifference; though I believe the rogue was sorry at it in his heart; for I may say without vanity, that I was as hard-working a writer as any in the country. I next got introduced to two or three literary societies, and having by right a free admission to the play-house, I did not fail to attend it regularly, and after the representation, to join the wits and actors who assembled in the green-room; but attempting once to introduce a metaphysical discussion, I was so hooted and laughed at by those frivolous mortals, that I became disgusted with their company, and reserved my visits for the learned meetings where my orations were attended to with more respect.

respect. Fortunately for me, the revolution broke out at this period; I say fortunately, because I was already known to the public as a writer, and was therefore enabled to forward the great work of regeneration in a more effectual way than I could have hoped to do by any individual exertion. I saw the taking of the Bastile from a convenient distance, not choosing to expose my person, as I meant to be the historian of that glorious day, and indeed of the whole revolution; for which purpose I have collected materials, which shall make their appearance in due time. I have always considered myself as one of the founders of French liberty, for besides witnessing the destruction of the strong hold of despotism, I was at Versailles when the body-guards were massacred, and I formed one of the procession which brought the King in triumph to
Paris.

Paris. Nor were these my only exertions in the cause of freedom; I harangued the people at the Palais Royal; was a principal co-operator in a newspaper on the popular side, in which the crimes and machinations of the opposite party were described in glowing colours, and I became a member of three or four patriotic clubs. Of these societies, the most worthy of notice was one known at least to the individuals who composed it, by the name of the Atheo-physical club, an appellation that sufficiently indicates the noble designs and intentions of its members, among whom, the most conspicuous for their zeal and abilities, were, an ex-capuchin Friar, who had appeared at the bar of the National Assembly, with his long beard powdered and pomatumed, as a mark of revolutionary conversion; a slave-driver from St. Domingo, who had
been

been deputed from that colony to testify its complete and unqualified recognition of the rights of man ; a journeyman tailor, since metamorphosed into an ambassador ; a prince of the blood, and two dukes. Concerning the three last, I must confess that I entertained some unfavourable suspicions in the beginning, and imagined that they came to our meetings, merely to act as spies ; but I was wrong in my surmises, for they proved to be staunch patriots, and were afterwards all three guillotined. Upon reflection, it is astonishing what a number of that order of people took an active part in producing the revolution, and even supported its cause, after it had completely abandoned theirs ; in general, they have been represented as inimical to the new order of things ; but that is not true, for without their powerful assistance, this order, or disorder,

order,

order, as some aristocratic punsters affect to term it, could never have existed ; though to be sure, when they had done our business, we set them aside, because it would have been highly improper to make a common cause with men, whose very names brought to mind events and opinions incompatible with the thorough regeneration of mankind. Among the patriotic services to which the Atheo-physical club devoted itself, one was to attend regularly the sittings of the National Assembly, there to applaud, condemn, clap, hiss, and vociferate, according to the instructions we received from the friends of liberty, and for which we as regularly received the stipend of twenty-pence a day, though for my own part, I can safely declare I never touched one farthing of that honourable salary, resigning it as a donation to the commonwealth,

wealth, in lieu of offering silver buckles at the altar of the nation; for this reason, that I never was master of any such superfluous articles of dress. I also acted the part of a Cossack in what was invidiously called Anacharsis Cloots's masquerade, and I obtained the reward of all my exertions, by being named to a place in the second, or Legislative Assembly.

“I was now at the summit of all my ambition, and as by some fatality or other, I could never persuade my colleagues to listen with due attention to my harangues, though they were replete with maxims and sentiments of the purest philosophy, I was necessitated to alter my mode of operations, and to do that with the pen, which I was unable to effect by my oratory. I therefore produced a tragedy, which I assure you was written in three weeks, but it un-
fortu-

fortunately did not live upon the stage above three hours, in spite of the sublime truths with which it abounded; a circumstance I can only attribute to the perfectibility of the public mind having undergone at that moment some secret check or molestation. My next efforts were turned once more towards comedy, and I again culled fresh laurels: indeed, I am convinced that this piece, written with all the spirit and freedom of Aristophanes, had a powerful influence in producing that great revolution, which was to be the ultimate triumph of liberty, and the consummation of our fondest wishes. At length the glorious day arrived, when the world was presented with a spectacle worthy of the most religious attention; that of a despot hurled from his throne, and expiating his crimes and those of his forefathers, at the feet of
a great

a great and injured people! The consequences of this stupendous event, were such as might naturally be expected, a general reformation of manners; the temples of superstition shut up; the barriers of usurpation and odious distinction between man and man annihilated; the worship of reason restored; republican virtues enshrined; the right of insurrection legally acknowledged; that ridiculous foppery called politeness, the spawn of courts and corruption, thoroughly exploded; and the most frivolous nation in Europe changed in an instant, as it were by magic, into a new race of Spartan heroes. Such were the pleasurable ideas with which I often indulged myself, especially when I was performing the functions of a legislator: and in one of these delightful reveries, I formed the following resolution; that if the coalesced armies
should

should make their way to Paris, to await their arrival, together with as many of my colleagues as might be induced to follow my example, on the benches of the Convention, in default of curule chairs; not doubting, but that our august appearance would strike the Austrian hussars and Prussian grenadiers with an awe similar to that experienced by the barbarians, when they first beheld the conscript fathers assembled in the senate of Rome.

“ But revolutions are not confined to states alone, they likewise at times disturb the arrangements of individuals, as was exemplified in my own case. Having been placed upon one of the committees of the Convention, the other members composing it; determined to exterminate a whole district, that had manifested some repugnance to our system of regeneration: this I opposed, from the
con-

conviction that we had already got rid of a sufficient quantity of impure blood, and upon the following plain calculation: let $a=24$ signify the original population of France, then $b=2$ what was already gone by emigration, war, famine, and the guillotine; if the diminution continued without cessation, we should be at last reduced to 0. But the geometers declared that my manner of computing was vicious, and not at all conformable to D'alambert; and the butchers swore that I was an aristocrat in disguise; so that I perceived there was no time to be lost, and after securing my valuables, which were not many or cumbersome, I repaired to my old retreat the tan-yard, in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, where I lay hid for a few days, by the assistance of my former master, who called me a fool for meddling in politics, and from

whence I effected my escape in the dress of a Jew pedlar. Fortunately, my general appearance favoured this deception, and I got unmolested to Frankfort, where I first met you. I now earn a livelihood by furbishing up old pictures, an art I learned from an historical painter at Paris, who is also a great patriot ; but money is so scarce in this country that I am hard set to keep body and soul together." Brinboc understood the hint, and presented the philosopher with a few thalers ; the latter then took his leave, offering at the same time to instruct Brinboc in the doctrine of velleity, perfectibility, and other arcana, whenever he might be at leisure to hear him.

CHAP. XVII.

THE next day, Brinboc took possession of his new lodgings, and leaving the trusty Fulgence to put every thing in order, he proceeded to inform Mad. de Rosenfelt of his change of abode. He also related to her in brief the adventures of Halfaz, and concluded by taking notice of the singular temper of the times, which enabled a man to change his trade, almost as often and as easily as he did his coat; being first a tanner, then a philosopher, and lastly a legislator; although only regularly initiated in the craft and mystery of the first of those professions. Mad. de Rosenfelt replied, "that such metamorphoses were so surprising, as only to

be accounted for by the philosopher's own system of the perfectibility of the human mind, at the same time that Halfaz's seemed to have received a very odd bias, to judge from his expressions and general manner of conduct." "As to his mind," returned Brinboc, "it appears to me to be pretty nearly in a crazed state, but then I think that his heart is not vitiated in an equal degree; for we must do him the justice to allow that he is now in exile and wretchedness, for having listened in some degree to the voice of humanity, an idea of all others the most consoling in misfortune, as I can amply testify."

"You are then really very miserable?" said Mad. de Rosenfelt with an arch look. "Were Eugenie here, Madam," replied Brinboc, "or any where out of France, I should think and speak quite differently; as it is,
you

you cannot blame me for often feeling the most cruel uneasiness on her account; but to return to our philosopher, do you not agree with me that his heart deserves some credit for interfering in the cause of a great number of people devoted to destruction?" "I scarcely know how to answer your question," resumed Mad. de Rosenfelt, "and fear that in attempting it I shall involve myself in one of those discussions, for which I am so badly qualified both by nature and education: in the first place, I could never rightly comprehend that hackneyed distinction between head and heart, as if there were two principles or different souls in man; the most that I can make out of it is, that our judgment and affections do not always agree, which is no very abstruse proposition, as it happens; but then we surely cannot say that M. Hal-

faz or any body else has a good heart, because he is not always committing evil, or because he is not guilty of every act of wickedness that presents itself to his corrupted imagination : secondly, in the particular instance which you mentioned, and which you so generously endeavoured to assimilate to the noble sacrifice of your own security, to ensure the safety of a friend, I can perceive nothing but a cessation from atrocious cruelty through mere weariness ; I see a man with the most horrible coolness take up his pencil and calculate how many thousands have been killed, and whether some thousands more may not still be slaughtered ; but finding that the sum total of murders, has already exceeded the number his judgment deemed necessary, his arithmetical precision steps in, and orders quarter to be given. This may be all very right in philosophical speculation,

lation, for aught I know, but my blood freezes at the idea of its being reduced to practice, and had you only saved Baron T—'s life in consequence of a similar mode of computation with regard to the Swiss Guards, depend upon it that you would now enjoy a very small portion of my esteem. As to this M. Halfaz, he has said enough of himself to enable us to appreciate his character with tolerable accuracy, though I cannot help thinking, that had his story been told by any one else, he would not have gained much by the exchange. But to quit a subject so little worthy of being dwelt upon, when did you hear from "Eugenie?" Brinboc answered, "that he had not received any letter very lately; he had however, seen a friend, who had left Paris about three weeks before, and who informed him that both Eugenie and Mad. de

Flavigny were well, and till that period unmolested in their retreat. Of course this person had not chosen to take charge of letters from them, for fear of exposing his own person to danger, but he had also communicated a piece of intelligence to Brinboc, which went a great way to derange some of his plans; this was a decree of the government, making individuals in France responsible for the conduct of their relations abroad; now it had been Brinboc's intention for some time past to emerge from his inactive state of life, by some means or other. Two reasons were constantly and powerfully urging him to put this design into execution: the first was a conviction that a young man in good health and unincumbered by family cares, had no right to remain idle, while the rest of the world was hard at work; the second related to Eugenie,

as did indeed almost every idea that ever entered his head, namely, the impropriety of depending altogether for his subsistence upon the supplies sent to him by that beloved sister; supplies, which must in a great measure be raised by her own privations, and what was still worse, the forwarding of which might draw down upon her the persecution of her relentless governors. It is true, Brinboc had been rigidly economical in his expenditure, and had denied himself almost every enjoyment, not absolutely necessary towards keeping up the appearance of a gentleman; for he would have resigned his apartments at the Hotel long before, had they not been engaged for a certain space of time, but still in his present circumstances, let him spend ever so little, that little must be taken from his sister's scanty store, and this reflection,

to a mind like his, could not fail to be of a disagreeable nature. There seemed then but one road open to him, and that was the army. To the advantage of having received, like all young men of the same rank, a military education, he had added some practical experience, at least as far as it can be acquired in time of profound peace, and it was also a profession towards which he felt a sort of hereditary bias. He had also consulted within himself to what Prince, Power, or Potentate, he should offer his services, and this was by no means a question of easy decision, for with the secondary ones, there was little profit and still less glory to be acquired, and among those of the first order, hardly one could be mentioned that was not in open hostilities against the country which had given him birth.

Wretched France! would he exclaim,
how

how altered is thy situation ; one of thy children thirsts after that glory, which heretofore he would only thought of finding under thy banners, and now he must forego his suit for ever, or unsheath the sword against some part of his brethren. In this combat between principle, affection, and necessity, a name sounded in his ears, which no Frenchman could hear with indifference ; a name that had never been sullied by the blight of dishonour ; a name that revived in his glowing breast those martial feelings that are the inheritance of the brave, and which cowards deride, because they are incapable of knowing them. A prince of the royal house had hoisted the standard of his sovereign ; he had called around him all those who preferred the toils of honourable warfare, to the ignoble sloth of precarious security ; he pointed out

the example of his ancestor, Henry IV. banished by a traitorous faction, first conquering his rebellious subjects by valourous achievements, and then reclaiming their hearts by parental kindness; he proclaimed his cause to be the same, and he trusted it would be crowned with similar success. To the sentiments contained in this declaration, the bosom of Brinboc returned a faithful echo; they were congenial to his opinions, and to those principles he had imbibed in early education; he could not have resisted them any longer, without being untrue to himself; he was too much a friend to real liberty, not to wish to co-operate in the deliverance of his country from the disgraceful slavery under which it groaned; his resolution had been taken, and was on the point of being carried into execution, when the last-mentioned news from France made

made him hesitate, and thus reveal his intentions to Mad. de Rosenfelt, at the same time that he requested her advice as to the line of conduct he should adopt, at least for the present. Our judgment and opinions are so often influenced throughout life by our sensations, that Mad. de Rosenfelt only imagined that she was following the dictates of common prudence, and consulting the precious safety of Eugenie, when earnestly entreating Brinboc to desist from the prosecution of his designs; and perhaps she did not even suspect that his presence was become extremely agreeable to her, and that his safety also had a great share in her concern. Under these circumstances, Mad. de Rosenfelt could not be wanting in that eloquence so natural to women, whenever sentiments are to be expressed, and she completely succeeded in dissuading
Brinboc

Brinboc from departing immediately for the army, as a step replete with the most dangerous consequences, and involving almost to a certainty that degree of security still enjoyed by Eugenie. Brinboc had no sufficient arguments to oppose to Mad. de Rosenfelt's reasoning, and as he had too much good sense ever to dispute for disputation sake, he silently acquiesced, and left that lady precisely in the state of mind she might have desired.

CHAP. XVIII.

MANY of Brinboc's mornings, and almost all his evenings were spent at Madame de Rosenfelt's house; where he had frequent opportunities of indulging in a kind of pleasure, which he prized above all other, that of enjoying elegant and literary conversation, equally remote from the tiresome noise of determined polemical discussion, and the uninteresting frivolity, and harassing sameness of dissipated circles. As the virtues or vices of courts are commonly modelled on the example set by the sovereign, for courtiers will either go to Heaven or to the other place through imitation, being a servile race; so one
may

may pretty easily guess the manners and disposition of the master or mistress of the house, by the company who usually frequent it. Madame de Rosenfelt was a woman of a singularly cultivated mind, and of highly polished manners; her conversation was at once instructive and entertaining, without the alloy of a single grain of pedantry or affectation; it was even necessary in some degree to draw her out, that is to say, to lay a snare for her wit and information, without which she would continue silent for a long time, evincing, by her good-humoured looks and placid countenance, that she received greater pleasure from hearing the discourse of others, than from talking herself, the only point upon which she was entirely at variance with all her acquaintance.—But when she spoke, either because the topic started was familiar to her, or in answer to the frequent

quent appeals made to her understanding and knowledge, there was something particularly happy in the arrangement of her ideas, and unaffectedly brilliant in the language used to convey them. The wide range of Italian, French, German, and English literature had enriched her memory with all that was valuable in the most admired authors of those several nations, while the combination of taste and genius, with which she had made those foreign acquisitions her own, formed a striking contrast with a number of persons, whose retentive faculty is only a burthen to themselves and to others.

Such are the outlines of Madame de Rosenfelt's mental qualifications: but her sole merit did not consist in knowing a good deal; there was also a good deal with which she was not acquainted: she could hear talk of oxygen, hydrogen,

gen, phlogiston, and muriatick acid; of spars, basaltcs, and cobalt; of rhomboids, spheroids, parallelograms, and parallelopipedons, without removing her eyes from her work, or her thoughts from what she really understood; she had never read Scalpedonius's *Theatrum Anatomicum*, or Acoucherangerius *De Feto in Utero Materno*, or a thousand other treatises, equally delicate and entertaining; she had never attended lectures, which, from her education, she could not have comprehended at the time of their delivery, and must consequently have forgotten the moment afterwards; in short, her good sense had prevented her from dabbling in those sciences, a superficial acquaintance with which, seldom fails to render women not a little ridiculous: yet, with all these deficiencies, Madame de Rosenfelt was a woman whose company the greatest

est scholars might have courted, from motives both of pleasure and interest, and whom the most illiterate man might have approached, without dread of feeling his inferiority, or being tempted to exclaim, Lord deliver me from such a wife ! Her person (not to be omitted in the description of a lady) was elegant, but somewhat too thin for her height; her face rather engaging than beautiful ; her hair and complexion fair ; her eyes blue, and though not large, full of expression ; her teeth of purest ivory ; and to crown all, that air of good humour, without which the most exquisite female charms appear like a fine edifice, seen through the medium of a dingy atmosphere. From this portrait, our readers will collect, that Madame de Rosenfelt was neither a Venus or a Minerva, but something between both, and therefore much more estimable, in this our imperfect estate, where every
thing

thing is a compound of different substances and qualities, and the whole only valuable, inasmuch as the ingredients are properly mixed up together, in due proportion to each other*.

There were many agreeable persons, of both sexes, who frequented Madame de Rosenfelt's house, and some few whose company might have been dispensed with, had that lady chosen to be fastidious, a defect against which persons of lively feelings are not always on their guard, and which people of no feelings at all, sometimes think proper to imitate, as the sycophant did Alexander's wry neck, though, unfortunately, they do not meet with the same reward for their pains, a thing much to be lamented.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that Brinboe thought himself very lucky, in

* This last idea is stolen from an old edition of the *Pharmacopeia Londinensis*.

having been favoured with the friendship of such a woman as Madame de Rosenfelt, and in being admitted to her agreeable parties ; a distinction for which he would have felt grateful at any other time, or in any other place, but which his situation, and the state of society at Berlin, rendered particularly desirable. Brinboc had never been presented at court, and consequently had not been honoured with a visit from the Lord Chamberlain : when to this we add, that he did not always travel with his genealogy in his pocket, or with a very long purse to supply its place, our readers will not be surprized, if no remarkable intimacy reigned between him and the *Heren Graafen*, and other great ornaments of the state. What is called the *Colonie*, is a race of people descended from the French protestants, who took refuge in Prussia after the
revoca-

revocation of the edict of Nants, and who, like refugees in general, are not very entertaining; their manners and language forming a sort of mixture, rather unpalatable to one accustomed to any thing better; and, indeed, the specimen of this colony presented to Brinboc, in the person of Monsieur Cornichon, was not likely to prejudice him much in their favour.

The Jews are something more in that country than in any part of Europe, either from congeniality of disposition, or some other cause; but although one of their body has been dignified with the title of counsellor of state, they are, upon the whole, not much sought after, and it is thought that they are not likely to regain their former influence, unless the government should be once more obliged to issue a coinage of base money, as it was during the reign of the great and philosophical Frederick. As for

the literati, they are entitled to considerable praise for their toil and industry, in digging and harrowing the fields of science; but like most of the men of letters in Germany, they are little calculated to add to the social pleasures of a refined circle. Of the persons who met at Madame de Rosenfelt's, at least one half were of the same country, and in the same situation as our hero; but the circumstance of having been the wife of an officer, procured her also the acquaintance of many military men, who in Prussia, are people of better education and manners, than in almost any other service; and with several of these gentlemen Brinboc commenced an intercourse, which promised to be of a lasting nature. It did not, however, escape him, how much the malady of the times, that is to say, an itch for innovation continually displayed itself in their
ideas

ideas and opinions. He was at once unwilling to combat those impressions, both from his dislike to argument, and from the peculiarity of his situation: the former he generally considered as a mere waste of time and words, men being very seldom reasoned out of their opinions; because, that in discussing them, they do not honestly disclose the secret impulse, the original bias which first inclined them to adopt those conclusions, and to which they appeal in silence, when they are no longer able to continue the contest; and the latter cause, he well knew, would prompt his antagonists to consider him as one labouring under the influence of irritated and injured feelings, rather than speaking with that calmness and impartiality which should always be the concomitants of serious disquisitions, but which, unhappily, are the first things
forgot-

forgotten on those occasions. Once, however, it happened that Brinboc could not avoid delivering his sentiments on this morbid thirst after change of some kind, or of every kind, though, as he expected, with little success. It was in vain that he took a rapid sketch of the history of man, and shewed him, from time to time, falling into relapses of the same distemper, without being, to all appearance, a bit better able to stop its ravages during the last attack, than if he had never known it before. To be sure the symptoms differed a little, as they also do in individual cases, according to reigning circumstances, but the root of the evil was one and the same throughout. Sometimes whole nations bid adieu to their domestic concerns, and to all that was dear to them, to go and destroy other nations, that had not so much as heard of their name, because they chanced to

profess another religion.—Sometimes men of high honour and good sense, in many respects, vagabondized up and down the world, without house or home, leading a worse life than that of a galley slave, in quest of what they called adventures, that is to say, of hard blows, maimed limbs, and broken bones, and all this in order to redress wrongs, when there was nothing so wrong in the world as their own preposterous conduct. At other times, the mania of discovery attacked our forefathers, and impelled them to abandon the mild and wholesome climate of Europe, for the burning sands of Africa, the sickening gales of Asia, and the dreary wilds of America. In those days, he who could not fit out a ship, or at least have a share in the Argosy of brother adventurers, was looked upon as a dolt, an unanimated clod, the mere scum of the earth : frantic mothers,
and

and inconsolable wives, with their infant babes in their arms, stood upon the sea-shore, and beseeched their unfeeling sons and husbands to desist from their mad enterprises, and not to leave them exposed to sorrow, shame, and misery, but the Argonauts were deaf to the cries of nature, and boldly committed themselves to that ocean, the dark caverns of which were often the termination of their senseless expeditions, while the depopulated state of some of the finest and most fertile regions of the old world, still bear witness to the fatal effects of those innumerable migrations, and as if folly was sure to produce its own chastisement, the posterity of the first discoverers are some of the poorest people in Europe.— Then again was poor humanity seized with another species of phrenzy. The noble and the peasant; the soldier and the scholar; the recluse and the

mechanic ; the man of business and the man who before had no business : all became pensive and melancholy, neglected their several avocations, shunned their most intimate friends, renounced their usual sports, and locked themselves up in garrets or in cellars, from whence they issued forth so thin and pale, that they looked more like spectres than men ; having kept company with nothing during their retirement, but aludels, kettles, retorts, crucibles, bellows, and other apparatus of the laboratory, by means of which they had vainly flattered themselves that they should turn their swords, pen-knives, plough-shares, brass candlesticks, and pewter clyster-pipes into ingots of pure gold. One man spent the whole of a goodly fortune in forming excavations and subterranean vaults, as vast and perplexing as the labyrinth of Crete, the better to hide the
promised

promised treasure : while another ran the risk of being hanged for stealing the metallic utensils of his neighbours, which he purloined, that he might have something to work upon, firmly determined, at the same time, to make restitution tenfold, whenever his project succeeded. Brainfick adepts ! had their projects succeeded, what would have been the infallible consequences ? To realize the fable of Midas, who was in danger of starving, because he transmuted to gold every thing that he touched ; raise the value of the basest metals ; and turn the course of exchange in favour of Sparta, had that republic still existed, on account of its iron currency. All these proofs, reflections, and demonstrations, seem very plain and obvious, now that the fit is over ; but there was a time, when they would have procured their author some bad days and nights, and when he

would have thought himself as coming off very cheaply, in being considered as a ninnyhammer, and one whose objections did not deserve a serious refutation.

“Society is, at this moment,” continued Brinboc, “in a raging fever, and though its effects are more severely felt in some of its members than in others, yet all participate, to a certain degree, in the general disease: to destroy that which is, and to long for that which is not, and, perhaps, cannot be, seem to be the leading characteristics of the present epidemical disorder, from whose attacks no state, order, or profession, has been entirely exempt, notwithstanding that its ravages have extended themselves for the most part, in an irregular manner. The first persons seized with the contagion, were men of full, plethoric habits, and used to all the good things of this life; from them it spread to
others

others of very different constitutions, and, at last, raged with particular violence among those whose blood was in so poor a state, as to be threatened with a marasmus. The fat patients were those that suffered most in the early stages of the disease ; but their opposites, the consumptive folks, begin to declare that their condition is far from being bettered ; and that, to take it all in all, their state would have been the more gracious, had they gone on quietly with their chronic complaints, rather than be thus thrown into a violent crisis, from which they have no means of extricating themselves. It is from the convalescents alone that this unfeigned confession can be obtained ; for as long as any of the virulent symptoms continue, the afflicted persist in assuring every one, that they are in the most enviable state imaginable, in spite of their

groans, writhings, and contortions ; unlike the disciple of Zeno, who, when tortured with a fit of the stone, cried out, that his master was a liar, in asserting that pain was no evil. But, though all epidemical disorders must have a considerable resemblance to each other in their general appearance, as proceeding originally from one common cause or germ, which is developed at some particular season, by the co-operation of concomitant circumstances, yet each has its peculiar marks or indications, which serve to distinguish it from the rest of the family ; and, in the present instance, besides those already mentioned, there is one which cannot escape the notice of the most common observer, namely a predominant desire to communicate the contagion by every possible means, whether of force or insinuation. If this rage for propagating the distemper
was

was founded on the principle of diminishing its virus, like inoculating for the small-pox, the design would be extremely laudable; but it unfortunately happens, that the effect is in the inverse ratio of any such calculation, or rather producing an evil beyond all computation; for the greater the mass of misery abroad, the larger the share that falls to the lot of each individual; and when all are diseased alike, who is to administer sedatives, emollients, aperients, sudorifics, cathartics, and abster-gents?

“Some people suppose that this passion for communication is not a consequence of the malady itself, but rather a trick of the patients; and they pretend to support their opinion by the example of debauched women, who are always ready to join in any scheme, for drawing others of their sex into the same sink of

infamy with themselves, as if the fight of virtue was the bitterest of reproaches : but this may, or may not be, which is as much as a prudent man will venture to say upon half the questions agitated in so hypothetical a world as ours.—A thing far more certain is, that to argue with people out of their senses, is itself the most ridiculous kind of madness : there have been many volcanoes in the world, which are now burnt out ; (*vide Plinium, et geographos passim*) and when that of Vesuvius is also extinguished, the Neapolitans will have fewer occasions to trouble *St. Gennaro*. The social body has had also many a severe bout from inflammations in its most noble and sensible parts, from which it has recovered, when the disorder has spent itself, and thrice happy those members which have only felt its effects in a slight degree. To conclude my harangue,”

range," said Brimboc, " which, I fear, begins to exercise your patience, gentlemen," (here the Prussian officers bowed with a great deal of military grace,) " I will just observe, that were I to indulge in the desire of prying into the secrets of futurity, it would be to ask for the foreknowledge of what is to be the next piece of nonsense that is to set the world agog. — But, perhaps, the vision would be of so melancholy a nature, as to make me repent of having proffered the petition ; and I therefore acquiesce very cheerfully under my present state of doubt and ignorance." As soon as Brinboc ceased to speak, his hearers complimented him on the clearness of his ideas, the forcible manner in which he had delivered them, and the felicity of his illustrations ; they then took their hats, wished one another good night, and retired to their respective homes,

each man carrying to bed with him precisely the same opinions, with which he had got up in the morning, one individual excepted; and his case could hardly be called a conversion, it was only a confirmation of incipient grace.

CHAP. XIX.

SOME of our readers may feel inclined to ask, whether M. de Brinboc had ever been a student in physic; or if ever he had attended the lectures at the Hotel-Dieu, and assign as a reason for this interrogation, the Medico-Chirurgico-Pharmacopolistical shape, into which he threw his discourse, on the periodical distempers of the human mind. Many questions are daily proposed upon a much slighter foundation, and we shall, therefore, be happy to give this supposed one a civil answer. Brinboc, while at home, had never devoted any of his time to the study of the healing art, as that time was then fully employed in pursuits more congenial to his disposition,

tion, and conformable to his habits of life; for though Brinboc was as great an admirer of knowledge in general, as any person could be, yet he had good sense enough to know, that a man of the world can never become a thorough proficient in those sciences, for the acquisition of which, a long life, undisturbed by any other avocations, is hardly sufficient, and that consequently the fashionable foppery of running about from one lecture-room to another, could only be considered, at best, as a harmless way of killing time. It appeared to him, that the reign of elegant literature was nearly over, and that, *mutatis mutandis*, the world had got back to the days of Peter Lombard, and Albertus Magnus, when the rage for professor-hearing was so great, that the very streets and squares were filled with open mouthed auditors, gaping for that shower of information,

mation, which nine-tenths of them were incapable of receiving, or of turning to any rational use.

To the taste for cultivating polite learning, the charms and advantages of which have been so happily described, by the accomplished Roman orator, had succeeded an affectation of appearing conversant with the exact sciences: an affectation the more readily indulged in, because it can be supported without the assistance of wit, feeling, or imagination.

Brinboc never thought of advancing a position—the most remote from his thoughts, that those studies were useless or unprofitable: far from it, he knew how to rate them at their just value, and that a high one; they extended the sphere of human knowledge, and administered to the encrease of human comforts; all he contended for was, that they should not be allowed to usurp
the

the whole attention of the rational faculties in those who possessed such faculties, or to become a convenient covering for the ignorance of troublesome coxcombs, who, after getting by heart a few dozen of hard words, phrases, and definitions, conceived themselves to be on a par with the greatest geniuses of the age, and the wonder of all those who were fortunate enough to hear them. The man who can pry into the stores of nature, and analyse her productions; and he who, without fear or danger to himself, can play with Heaven's thunder, are unquestionably entitled to a certain degree of praise and admiration; but whether they have solid claims on our gratitude, any more than what is due for satisfying an innocent curiosity, may fairly be questioned, especially when we throw off the yoke imposed upon us by fashion, and venture to extend our survey.

survey beyond the limits within which the reigning prejudice of the moment would fain confine the power of examination.—After all those mighty discoveries and advances in practical science, is the life of man prolonged? Are his days less marked with pain and suffering? Is his mind freed from the torture of doubt and uncertainty upon the most interesting points? Has one mortal disorder been driven from the lazar-house of human infirmities? To be acquainted or to fancy an acquaintance with the properties of other bodies, is a pretty amusement; and to examine the structure of our own, a laudable employment. But until those amusements and employments be followed by some more substantial advantages to man, in his individual and social capacity, than what he has hitherto derived from them, it is rather unfair to deprive him of that
inex-

inexhaustible source of enjoyment, which springs from the study of literature, an enjoyment unrestricted to time or place : an enjoyment not too serious for youth, or too frivolous for old age ; an enjoyment which provokes our desires, instead of palling the appetite ; an enjoyment which once made our own by education and habit, may accompany us to the most opposite regions of the globe ; an enjoyment to which the warrior and the statesman can return, when awakened by sickness or adversity from the protracted dream of ambition ; an enjoyment that spreads a magic lustre over all others, softens the asperities of life, humanizes the tyrant, and even defies the power of death, by constantly enabling us to live in the company of those whom the darkness of the grave would otherwise have consigned to everlasting oblivion. Who ever felt the glow of
enthu-

enthusiasm inspired by the perusal of the classick authors, without pitying the torpid soul that is insensible to its bewitching delusion? Of what materials can those persons be made, whose breasts are not fired by the sound of such names as Marathon, Salamis, Leuctra, and Thermopylæ? Who can behold a splendid villain destroying the liberties of his country, and casting the last link of the fetters of mankind on the plains of Pharsalia, without cursing that fortune which abandoned his ill-fated opposer in the most honourable moment of his life? Who can behold a parricide hand uplifted against the venerable father of Roman eloquence, without wishing to plunge a dagger into the heart of his assassin? Who can contemplate an expiring Socrates or Seneca, without conceiving a salutary horror against the tyranny of the multitude, or that of a single despot?

If

If we leave for a moment the solid ground of history, to wander in the regions of poetry and fiction, what a magnificent scene bursts upon our imagination ! The range of nature becomes too narrow for the bounds of fancy, we conjure up the spirits of departed heroes ; we enjoy the happy climates of Greece, Italy, and Sicily ; we people our woods and streams with nymphs, fauns, and dryads ; we sympathise with those wretched mortals who have incurred the hatred of the gods, and we draw the purest lessons of morality, from the sportive pleasures of a creative genius.

When the mind is once blessed with a relish for the beauties of ancient literature, the taste for the elegant productions of the moderns is sure to follow, and then we not only indulge in the refined delights of mental fruition, but we likewise gratify our feelings as men,
since

since there is not a civilized nation in the world, which cannot boast of some trophy of this kind ; a trophy unfulfilled by the tears of oppressed innocence, unpolluted by the blood of our brethren, and which will record the people that gave it birth, when all other monuments shall moulder and decay, before the consuming breath of time.

But all those enjoyments and advantages are considered as nothing by certain men, who have pored over squares and triangles, fossils and metals, charcoal and smoke, until they work themselves into a pious belief that there is no other object in the world worthy of their attention, not unlike those zealous mufflemen, who devote themselves to everlasting darkness, when once they have been ensnared by a sight of their prophet's tomb.

Such was Brinboc's usual train of
re-

reflections upon the kind of study most appropriate for men whose habits, pursuits, and station in life, did not admit of an unremitted attention to the acquisition of knowledge, though much must still be left subordinate to the casual bent of individual inclination.— Yet he could not help lamenting that not even the hallowed walks of science, were left exempt from tyrannic sway of fashion. From this exposition of our hero's sentiments on literary subjects, the reader will be surprized to learn, ~~that~~ his suspicion was well founded, and that Brinboc, at the moment of pronouncing his oration *De Mentis Humanæ Delirationibus*, was actually engaged in following a course of Pathology, delivered by the learned Dr. Procopius. The fact was simply this :—when he left his apartments at the Hotel, he went into lodgings at the Doctor's house,

and this good man, who neither thought, spoke or dreamt, of any thing but his profession, fancied he could not offer his inmate a greater civility, than by presenting him with tickets of admission to his lectures. Brinboc, at first, declined this honour ; but perceiving that the professor seemed hurt at his refusal, he did a thing by no means uncommon to him, that was to sacrifice his own inclinations to the feeling of others, and he attended the lecture room as assiduously as if he meant to take a degree in physic. This act of condescension on his part, gave rise, in a great measure, to an incident, which we shall relate in the following chapter.

CHAP. XX.

AMONG the persons who usually attended Mad. de Rosenfelt's parties, was a M. Bernardi, a man of about fifty years of age, rather under the middle size, of an expressive countenance, with a speaking grey eye, and aquiline nose, to all which, his hair, as white as silver, gave something of a venerable appearance. His deportment was mild, easy, and unaffected, and though he was in general sparing of his words, whenever he spoke, it was much to the purpose, and his conversation easily betrayed a man who had been liberally educated. He carefully avoided every thing like argument, and if by any chance

chance he proffered a sentiment or opinion which happened to meet with doubt or opposition, he never attempted to justify his assertions, but remained silent, as if entirely indifferent to the ideas of others; or, at most, bowed his head in token of a partial acquiescence. Upon the subject of voyages and travels he was apt to be more communicative than on any other; and then it would seem from his discourse, that he had visited every region between the Frozen Ocean and the shores of the Mediterranean: still it was impossible to decide what country might claim the honour of having given him birth; for besides being more or less versed in almost every dialect of Europe, M. Bernardi spoke the German, Italian, and French languages, with such correctness, fluency, and accuracy of pronunciation, as completely to baffle the

efforts of investigating curiosity. It is probable, however, that this singular man might have left the society as he had entered it, that is to say, without exciting any more than a few cursory remarks, had it not been for the person to whom he was indebted for his introduction, and who had presented him to Mad. de Rosenfelt, as a gentleman whose acquaintance she had formed at the baths of Toëplitz. This person was the Countess Starinski, a lady entering into her fortieth year; fat, masculine, loquacious, and passionately fond of disputation; with a broad, unmeaning, and almost vulgar countenance, as long as she remained silent, a state she avoided to the utmost of her power; but her personal defects were forgotten the moment she joined in the conversation, from her brilliancy of wit, extent of knowledge, and happiness of repartee.

The

The Countess was an authoress of considerable celebrity, and besides one or two novels, more worthy of being read than generally happens to that species of composition, had written some other works, which would have insured her a high place on the list of female wits, if they had not been rendered in part ridiculous, by an unsuccessful attempt to propagate the system of the perfectibility of the human mind, which attempt naturally involved in itself a number of collateral absurdities. It was not any want of learning, judgment or discrimination, that had brought the Countess into this scrape, but a misfortune common to her with the majority of authors for the last fifty years; that is, to write less for the elucidation of truth, than for the establishment of some favourite principle or opinion. People of this description

seize upon an idea that tickles their fancy or flatters their imagination, and then they sit down with the greatest coolness imaginable to compose what they choose to announce to the world by the name, style, and title of a history, treatise on education, or philosophical essay, but which is in fact nothing better than a romance formed for the express purpose of embodying or giving a consistence to their own peculiar notions, and which are afterwards only read for mere amusement's sake, or else totally forgotten, according to their greater or smaller degree of literary merit. In addition to Mad. Starinski's claims to notoriety as an author, she was likewise well known in the political circles ever since the troubles in Poland, where her husband had made some figure during the confederation of Warsaw, and the events which followed it; chiefly as it
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one who can discern nothing in all his fellow creatures, let their rank be what it may, but beings equally subject to the different vicissitudes of life, and destined finally to become the victims of death. When you have heard me out, you will acquit me of the charge of affectation, which might otherwise attach to these expressions. What are kings, wits, statesmen, and philosophers to me, who can enjoy the company of beings of a more exalted nature, since every thing is relative in this state of existence? What pleasure or profit can I derive from the company of men, if all men are alike the sport of doubt and delusion, as long as their immortal part remains enslaved by a perishable substance? I perceive, M. de Brinboc, that my words excite your surprise, nor can it be otherwise; but as it never was my intention to trifle
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with your feelings, or to indulge in the puerile satisfaction of exhibiting myself as an object of wonder, without any ulterior motive or rational cause for such a declaration, I will proceed directly to inform you that I am one of those few and privileged persons who have the power of communicating with the departed spirits that are now enjoying the blessings of immortality.”—“The power of communicating with departed spirits!” exclaimed Brinboc. “Yes,” resumed M. Bernardi, “the power of communicating with departed spirits; your astonishment is perfectly natural; I have no objection to your giving way to it for a moment; but endeavour to collect yourself, remember where we are, and by whom you are addressed; we are in your own chamber, at noon day, surrounded by thousands of people; surely, if I had been foolish enough
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to attempt practising any imposition upon your judgment, in the preternatural way, I should first have endeavoured to call in the assistance of some juggler to bewilder your senses; but besides that your strength of mind and personal courage, would at any time effectually protect you from becoming the subject of so gross a deception, I trust that no part of my character or conduct can render me liable to the suspicion of being accessory to so foul an imposture.

“When you have digested maturely those reflections, I would then recommend to you to ponder well on the pleasures arising from this pure intercourse; to consider the ineffable delights to be derived from associating with all that ever adorned our nature; and that, when those renowned personages are no longer reduced to the common level of mankind, by those
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little foibles and imperfections 'which are inherent to our nature in this life. I will not conceal from you, however, that this familiarity with spiritual substances is attended with some degree of inconvenience, and that it cannot be attained by many, even supposing their minds worthy of such exalted connexions ; for this reason, that it also requires considerable vigour of body, inasmuch as our immaterial acquaintances occasionally obtrude their company at times when our grosser pursuits, ideas, and dispositions make us unfit for so refined an intercourse : and, as it is not always in our power to withdraw at will from the commanding influence of those superior beings, the feeble nature of man becomes fatigued by the disproportionate load of intellectual gratification ; and to this cause you must attribute certain irregularities of temper, which

which I have not been always able to subdue.

“Notwithstanding this alloy to perfect happiness, I would not exchange my present enjoyments for the empire of the universe, without them; and if I have not inspired you with a desire of tasting them yourself, it is because I have attempted to describe that which is in reality indescribable, and which must be known and experienced, before it can be duly appreciated. The world calls us *Illuminés*, and attaches what ideas it pleases to the words it invents; but it is not belying the world to say, that it knows nothing about us: we have been also much calumniated, particularly in England, for which reason our sect has not gained ground in that country: yet if I am not much deceived your mind is cast in too strong a mould to be worked upon by the impressions

pressions of vulgar prejudices: what say you M. de Brinboc? are you inclined to increase the number of the favoured? speak your mind freely, I shall not be offended at your determination, even should it be in direct opposition to what I thought I had reason to expect." Encouraging as this speech was, it was scarcely sufficient to rouse Brinboc from the species of torpid astonishment into which he had been thrown, by the singular and unexpected proposition made to him by a man, whom he had until then considered as being in the full possession of his senses, and M. Bernardi was forced to repeat his interrogatories, before he could extort an answer from the wonderstruck Brinboc. At last he summed up recollection enough to thank M. Bernardi for the mark of confidence he had bestowed upon him, a favour he should not easily forget;

forget ; but he likewise begged leave to declare, that his friendly offer of introducing him to the acquaintance of spiritual substances was a thing so distant from all that he had ever thought, or even conjectured about, that to form a resolution on the subject required some time for consideration : besides," continued Brinboc, "as this kind of intercourse requires the rare union of mental strength and bodily vigour, I have great reason to doubt whether I am altogether qualified for entering into a society which unquestionably confers the most exquisite pleasure on those who are fortunate enough to become members of it. But allow me to ask, are you like the freemasons, whose rules oblige them to shut their doors against the fair sex and admit of men alone into the sodality?" "I am certain," replied M. Bernardi with a sig-

nificant smile, "that you have already formed an opinion on that head; but though it is not in my power at present to reveal any more particulars concerning the structure and minutiae of a thing meant to be kept secret from the eyes of improper inspection, yet I may say, without impropriety, that every well organized society has different orders of members, although all may participate to a certain degree in the main object of the institution. If what I have said already, be sufficient to stimulate you to a desire of adding one more to our number, I can initiate you whenever you please; if not, I have only to desire secrecy on your part, and to wish you, in addition to your many amiable qualifications, a relish for enjoyments of a more exalted nature than any you have yet tasted."

As soon as M. Bernardi took his departure,

parture, Brinboc relapsed for some time into a second reverie upon the oddness of the proposition made to him by that singular personage, a proposition that he revolved a hundred times in his mind, in order to discover, if possible, from what motive or inducement it was made. Not succeeding in these attempts, he started from his chair and placed himself before a mirror, with the intent to find out in what feature or lineament of his face the word *fool* was written. Here he fared no better than before, for sundry reasons, though we shall only mention one, namely, that among all the sons of Adam there is not one who would have been a bit more fortunate in so laudable an enterprise, notwithstanding that a few have very solid claims to the title which Brinboc was seeking for himself. At last he called Fulgence and asked him

if ever he had been invited to become an illuminé? "O! yes," replied the latter, with an air of confidence, and rubbing his hands, "it is not a week since I had an offer of that sort made to me by a friend of mine, who is servant to a canon of Magdeburg, as he calls his master, though I can swear that this canon wears a sword, and his hair in a queue,* which however may be the custom of the country." "And you accepted his offer, I suppose," returned Brinboc. "By no means Sir," answered Fulgence. "I did not like the manner in which I was to be illuminated. My friend told me that I must

* The canons of Magdeburg, Halberstadt, &c. since the secularization of those chapters, are needy gentlemen, on whom the King of Prussia bestows a prebend for services of some kind or other. They do not take orders, and have nothing in common with ecclesiastical beneficiaries but the power of consuming the revenues of their canonicates.

go out of the town in the night, and enter a path in the wood of Charlottenburgh ; that there I should meet with an old man whom I was to accost, and who would make me no answer but continue his walk ; that I was to follow the old man, and speak to him a second time, who would still remain silent ; then I was to persist in walking after the old man, and address myself to him once more, upon which he would give me a slap in the face : stop there, friend ! I called out to the canon's servant, I will have nothing to do with an illumination that begins with buffeting, and may end in kicking, or something worse for any thing I know ; and this, Sir, upon my word," continued Fulgence, putting his hand to his breast, "is all that I can say about the matter."

CHAP. XXII.

THIS piece of information concerning the art of illuminating in low life, far from satisfying the curiosity of Brinboc, only served to encrease it the more, and he resolved to communicate the double adventure to Madame de Rosenfelt. Just as he was setting out to execute his intention, he recollected that M. Bernardi had recommended secrecy to him, and he began to hesitate whether he was quite at liberty to reveal their conversation; but upon weighing the question more maturely, it appeared clearly to him, as it must have done to every one else, that neither M. Bernardi, or any other man, could be so unreasonable as
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to comprehend under an injunction of this nature an unkind degree of reserve towards a discreet female friend.

No sooner, therefore, did the company withdraw from Madame de Rosenfelt's that evening, than Brinboc related to her, first what had passed between himself and M. Bernardi, and then the proposed interview between Fulgence and the silent buffeter, with his servant's judicious objection to such rough forms of initiation. "I am truly astonished," exclaimed Mad. de Rosenfelt, "though not at the incident, for I have heard my husband say, that there was some nonsense of this kind afloat in the world, and even assert that certain persons of very high rank had allowed themselves to become the dupes of designing adventurers under such pretences; but that M. Bernardi should single you out as a proper subject to work upon in this

scheme of imposture is what I cannot account for.”—“Nor I either,” replied Brinboc, “at the same time that I must confess my self-love to have been so much hurt at being thus taken for a fool by a man who is certainly no simpleton himself, that I had almost formed the resolution of denouncing him to the police : though, upon second thoughts, I determined to give myself no further trouble about M. Bernardi or his endeavours to make profelytes to illuminism.”—“Your second thoughts were unquestionably the best, on this occasion,” resumed Madame de Rosenfelt; “for either Bernardi is only a common cheat and consequently beneath your notice, or he really possesses the credit at court which he affects to enjoy, and then your vengeance would recoil upon your own head in a country where justice wearing a military garb
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is always armed with the sword though she may sometimes forget her scales. We have now, however," continued Madame de Rosenfelt, "a clue to the mysterious predilection of the Countess Starinski and M. Bernardi for each other, an intimacy which, in my opinion, strange as it may sound, can hang by no other thread."—"You think it possible then," replied Brinboc, "that a woman of the Countess's strong sense and information, may have been so much captivated by the insinuating manners and specious language of Bernardi, as not to be able to escape the snares he has laid for her vanity or her curiosity?"—"I cannot tell precisely," answered Madame de Rosenfelt, "to what point this man may have bewildered the imagination of Madame Starinski, or whether even he has obtained the kind of influence over her mind which

circumstances would incline us to suspect; but this we all know, that she was the first person who introduced M. Bernardi into society at Berlin, where she announced him as a paragon of wisdom and virtue, and I was yesterday told by a person of great respectability, that in consequence of the peace between Prussia and France, Madame Starinski and her husband are about to return to the latter country, where the Count will probably be employed in a diplomatic capacity, and his lady find full scope for exercising her talents for intrigue, an employment towards which she is universally allowed to possess a strong natural bias. Now if we compare this prosperous state with what happened a couple of years ago to the Count in Poland, where his conduct was so disagreeable to the court, that it was thought it would have procured him a
lodging

lodging in the castle of Magdeburg, I think we may conclude that they have some weighty interest on their side which has suddenly turned the scale in their favour : still it never came in my way to discover where this interest could lie ; so that, every thing considered, it will not be judging precipitately to attribute the honour of the Count's promotion to the great esteem M. Bernardi entertains for his wife."

" So be it," returned Brinboc. " I wish them all joy from the bottom of my heart : and as the favours of those in power, both in monarchies and republics, often pass through very dirty channels, I do not see why an illumineé should not have a share in the dispensation of them, as well as many other members of society equally entitled to our respect and veneration."

CHAP. XXIII.

AND where is the gentle Eugenie, all this time, exclaims the chivalrous reader, the sympathetic reader, and the anti-ferocious reader.—Lend me your ears and you shall hear, lend me your eyes and you shall see. Strange perversion of language, and most outrageous abuse of metaphor! If I had your ears and eyes, you would be both deaf and blind, and I might as well be dumb and *manibus orbatus*, for any good you could derive from these authentic memoirs. No! courteous inquirer, if we are to indulge in figurative expressions, it would be better a thousand times that you had my ears and eyes, for then you would hear and see as I do, than which there
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is not a greater advantage under the sun, to the writer I mean.

You would then see the amiable Eugenie enchanting all Fontenay-aux-roses, by her mildness, her patience, her purity and her benevolence ; for though her means were not ample, and though these means were managed with the nicest frugality that a beloved brother might know no want ; yet such is the ingenuoufness of a truly benevolent heart, that it finds opportunities to exercise its favourite virtue, in situations where theoretical moralists would only have been able to growl at the wickedness of mankind, and irreclaimable metaphysicians to heap distinctions upon distinctions, until they could no longer have distinguished good from evil, or virtue from vice. Not so the fair sister of Brinboc ; she had singled out as the most worthy and appropriate objects of her kind care and attentions, some of the poorest

poorest little girls of the village, whom she not only helped to clothe and maintain, but whom she also undertook, with the assistance of Mad. de Flavigny, to instruct in reading, writing, and needle-work; so that she had literally imposed upon herself one of the most tiresome of all offices, that of a schoolmistress. Nor was this conduct the effect of any whim or attempt at singularity, but the legitimate child of a desire to do the only good in her power; and it was perhaps the greatest service she could offer to society, at a moment when the lower classes were bereft of the means of gratuitous instruction, upon the principle held out by some staunch patriots, that republicans needed only bread and iron and had no occasion for books or learning*. Be this as it

* This was the new *Index Expurgatorius* of Gen. Henriot, who proposed to burn all the books in the great library at Paris.

may, Eugenie thought that she could not employ a part of her time better than by dedicating a couple of hours each day to the education of those little female citizens, who, without her kind intervention, might have grown up like so many brutes. One morning, as she was about to dismiss the young assembly, she was presented by the eldest of her disciples, with the following letter :

“ Madam,

“ I have just returned from my journey, and meant to have taken the earliest opportunity of paying you my respects; but before I could indulge myself in this pleasure, I heard of your amiable, not to say sublime conduct towards the poor neglected children of your own sex. I could wish to dwell for ever on so charming a theme, but if you will allow me, I shall endeavour to express by words, what I cannot
not

not in writing ; and remain, with the profoundest respect, &c.

“CHEVREVILLE.”

Eugenie handed the note to Mad. de Flavigny, and desired the bearer to wait for an answer. Mad. de Flavigny thought the style very pretty, and Eugenie had nothing to object to the sentiments it contained ; but how did M. de Chevreuille get such speedy intelligence of their pursuits and occupations ? To solve this mystery, they had recourse to the girl who had brought the letter, and who stood by, admiring the whole time a bunch of flowers which she had received as a reward for her industry, from Mad. de Flavigny. She told them, that her mother was laundress to M. de Chevreuille, and that he was very good to them. This information removed every doubt, and Eugenie was not long in expediting the permission

permission that had been sought for in so respectful a manner.

Chevreville's journey to the south had not been barren of events, or unproductive of profit to himself. He had contrived to personate the character of a proscribed royalist, flying from the focus of tyranny in the capital, and seeking for shelter among that part of his countrymen who were resolved to endure no longer the galling yoke of oppression, and with whom he offered to share the dangers attendant on this bold and arduous enterprise. The insidious language of this modern Sinon was but too successful for some time; he was admitted to the councils of the devoted insurgents; councils in which he was enabled to take a conspicuous part by a natural flow of eloquence, and which he was careful to betray to the government by means previously prepared

prepared for that purpose. An affectation of unusual zeal in the cause, together with some other circumstances, awakened at last the suspicions of his deluded associates, and they were about to investigate more closely the character of the man, in whom they had so imprudently placed an unbounded confidence, when, alarmed to vigilance by consciousness of guilt, he avoided the danger that awaited him, and effected his escape from Lyons, before the vengeance of the conspirators could overtake him. On his arrival at Paris, Chevreville waited on the members of the government, fraught with every species of intelligence they could wish for; and willing to enhance the value of his exertions in their service by the extent of his discoveries, he not only communicated all the real information in his power, but added the crime of calumny

calumny to that of treachery, by representing many persons as implicated in the conspiracy, who in reality had nothing to do with it. The ferocious rulers of the country were too greedy after every tale of this kind to bestow a moment's examination upon the grounds on which it rested; the fatal list was made out, which was soon to be drenched in the blood of those whose names were inscribed upon it; and the infamous Chevreuille received, as the reward of his villany, a sum of money, and the promise of the prefecture of a department. This promise, although it was never carried into effect, because Chevreuille's character was too glaringly atrocious, even at a time when common crimes were but the steps to common preferment; yet it prompted him to hasten his projects with regard to Eugenie, as an advancement of that

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fort would be sure to reach her ears, notwithstanding her state of seclusion, and consequently reveal at once the whole fabric of imposture he had been raising upon her credulity and inexperience, and which he hoped to crown by the ruin of her innocence. -Flushed with the recollection of his recent successes, and exhilarated by the acquisition of fresh means to forward his designs, he visited the unsuspecting girl and her respectable friend, and, after complimenting them in a delicate manner on their new and honourable occupation, he proceeded to relate a fictitious account of what had occurred to him since his absence from Fontenaye. He told them that the object of his journey had been to see and consult with some friends who were endeavouring to rescue their country from the evils under which it groaned; but that
much

much as he approved of their plans, and determined as he was to rise or fall with those brave men, still he could not allow himself to be so blinded by his hopes, as not to entertain considerable apprehension for the final result of their enterprize. He represented them as men replete with ardour, zeal, and courage, but little calculated to cope with their adversaries, in the not less desirable requisites of prudence, foresight, and unanimity of council: they also laboured under the disadvantage of having no one common chief, who might act as the soul of their operations; on the contrary, every one thought he had a right to command, and therefore few deemed it necessary to obey. It was in vain that he had intreated them to lose sight of every private consideration, in the prosecution of the general good; it was in vain that
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he had endeavoured to persuade them that courage and resolution were incapable of obtaining their ends, if not guided by conduct and discipline; he found that his arguments were listened to with no great attention, and he in consequence, judged that he could be of less service by remaining with his friends, who did not stand in need of numbers, than by maintaining a correspondence with them from the capital, where a confidential agent would be of the utmost importance, in the present state of their affairs. Chevreille artfully interwove with his narration, some well told incidents of individual distress, and he beheld with inward satisfaction, the rising tear of sympathy glisten in the eyes of the tender Eugenie, when he related those scenes to which he had been a commiserating witness. At that moment, the certainty of victory

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ry seemed to rush upon his mind; he had succeeded in interesting the feelings of an ingenuous girl, if not immediately in his own favour, at least in favour of beings who were only known to her through the medium of himself; and as the destruction of the fairest part of the creation had been his earliest and most unwearied study, he had learned that to be the means of rousing those softer emotions in women, or even to be the spectator of their workings, were circumstances which a skilful seducer might turn to the greatest advantage. Slight as the foundation may appear upon which Chevreuille grounded his hopes, still it was the first omen he had ever been able to interpret to his wish, and he felt so elated at its appearance, that dreading lest he should betray his joy, he turned away for a few moments, as if to give Eugénie the opportunity

tunity of composing herself. He then changed the subject of conversation, and asked her what tidings she had received from her brother ; and when to this question she replied, that at the time she had last heard from Brinboc, which was nearly two months, he was well, and still at Berlin ; Chevreille pretended to lament that circumstances should hinder her from communicating oftener with one so dear to her, and offered his services to forward her letters by a safe channel. Eugénie seemed to hesitate for a moment at this friendly proposal, and perhaps would have accepted it, if Mad. de Flavigny had not interposed, by observing, that though their intercourse with M. de Brinboc was not as frequent as they could wish, yet the letters had never miscarried, and she added, that they could not think of troubling M. de Chevreille with a com-
mission

mission by no means free from danger. This consummate master in dissimulation, who had good reasons for what he did, affected to despise the appearance of danger, when the convenience of his friends was the object in view; and he persevered in making a tender of his services to facilitate the correspondence of Eugenie with her brother; but the ladies assured him, that they were satisfied with their present mode of conveyance, and with many thanks, begged leave to decline his obliging offer, and Chevreuille was forced to withdraw, without obtaining one of the principal ends of his visit, as he could not persist any longer, without a manifest breach of propriety.

CHAP. XXIV.

It had been a favourite part of Chevre-ville's scheme to get possession of Eugenie's letters, and to have taken such steps as to prevent those of her brother's from falling into any hands but his own ; had this project succeeded, every thing else would have followed according to his desires, with the additional gratification of making Brin-boc's name instrumental to the ruin of his sister : for then nothing could have been easier than to forge the hand-writing of the former, and to represent him as delighted with the high character he heard of Chevreville, as filled with gratitude for the attentions he paid Eugenie, and even to make him let drop
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some hints, as if an union between her and so worthy a man, would be an event entirely consonant to his wishes, provided that it met with their mutual approbation. Such a declaration from Brinboc, whose words were revered as sacred oracles by his affectionate sister, would naturally have thrown Eugenie off her guard, and made her become the easy victim of her execrable seducer.—But the unexpected refusal of Madame de Flavigny and Eugenie entirely disconcerted his plan, and Chevreuille was obliged to have recourse to means of a different nature. He now began to feel somewhat irritated at the delay he experienced in the prosecution of his nefarious designs, and the idea of using force occasionally presented itself to his gloomy imagination; but pride determined him not to employ that measure excepting in the last extremity,

previous to which another expedient was yet to be tried. Early one morning Eugénie received, from the gardener, a letter sealed up, but without any superscription, the bearer of which had desired that it might be delivered immediately to Mademoiselle de Brinboc, and that he would return for an answer in half an hour's time. Eugénie was in doubt, at first, whether she should open the letter; but upon the gardener's assuring her that the messenger had clearly and explicitly pronounced her name, she broke the seal, and read the following lines :

“ Paris, Prison of the Conciergerie.

“ Madam,

“ I was arrested last night, when preparing to return to Fontenay, and I am accused of carrying on a correspondence with the emigrants, particularly with
your

your brother. If this be a crime, Heaven knows, and you know, how innocent I am of it: and you alone can save me from the consequences of this accusation, for my visits to your house have afforded its pretext, and my judges declare that they are willing to set me at liberty, provided that you will come to the *commune* and swear that you never employed me in any such way. I am far from urging you to take a step which may be disagreeable, in favour of one who, alas! has not the smallest claim upon your generosity; and I have been careful not even to put your name in the letter, that you may be at entire liberty to act as you may think fit. The bearer is a person fully entitled to confidence, and you will communicate your resolution to him. Permit me to beseech you not to let your humanity prompt any painful sacrifice on your

part, as your welfare and security are a thousand times more precious than life to the unfortunate

“C———.”

Eugenie stood motionless, with surprise and terror, for some moments, after which she rushed into Madame de Flavigny's bed-room, who was still at her toilet, and desired her to read the letter. Madame de Flavigny turned pale on running over its contents, and they eyed each other in a kind of stupor for a considerable time, until Eugenie broke silence, by exclaiming, “good God! What am I to do in this cruel situation? Shall I let Chevreuille,” continued the virtuous girl, “become a victim to his friendly and disinterested attentions to us? Shall I let him perish through a selfish regard to my own security? On the other hand, if I go to Paris,

Paris, in order to procure his enlargement, to what risks and perils am I not exposed ! And after all, perhaps, this proposition of the *commune* is nothing but a snare to draw me from retirement, that, terrified and brow-beaten by the interrogations of a set of ferocious men, I may not only, in the disorder of my senses, criminate the person whom I wish to justify, but also involve myself in the same guilt.—Oh my brother ! Oh my Brinboc ! Would to Heaven you were here ! You would teach me what to do.—You would be an angel to guide my steps.—Yet I think I hear him :—Yes, dearest Madame de Flavigny, I think his voice strikes my ears in all the horrors of reproach, upbraiding me for basely listening to my womanish fears, instead of following the dictates of humanity, and even of justice, in favour of one whose only crime is his attachment

to our family.—The friend of my father.”—Here she paused a while, and then, as if her reason had been suddenly illumined by a gleam of light, which had dispelled every cloud and shadow of doubt, she pronounced these words in a calm and deliberate tone of voice; “I think it is a duty, and I am determined to go.” Poor Madame de Flavigny, whose eyes were drowned in tears, and whose heart had been too full for utterance, felt her blood grow cold when she heard Eugenie’s resolution, expressed in so positive a manner; the portion of regard entertained by her for Chevreuille vanished in a moment; she forgot him and the whole world, and could only see Eugenie before the revolutionary tribunal, and dragged from thence to the place of execution: she fell upon her knees, and with a voice made almost inarticulate by sobs and groans, besought Eugenie,

Eugenie,

Eugenie, by all she held most precious, not to persist in her rash determination of setting out for Paris.—Alas! these two virtuous and amiable women did not feel alike at the present moment:—Madame de Flavigny was sincerely concerned for Chevreille's dangerous situation; but she was tortured to distraction at the idea of beholding the friend of her soul exposed to the barbarity and profanation of a set of murderous ruffians.—Eugenie, the tender Eugenie, shall we say it, the guileless Eugenie felt something beyond common friendship for the most unworthy object that ever imposed upon an unsuspecting heart.—Deprived of every thing dearest to her; abandoned by every thing that could absorb the softer feelings of an affectionate bosom; this man had presented himself to her, arrayed in the dazzling colours of the highest wrought

disimulation, and with every imperfection, veiled by the most studied hypocrisy ; still more, he appeared to her as one hallowed and ensainted by the friendship and protection of a parent whose memory filled her with filial reverence and veneration ; she had fondly fancied that the same person might equally become the object of his esteem, who was now to her as a father ; her innocent imagination, turning with disgust from the horrid scenes of misery and wickedness which surrounded her on all sides, to prospects of better days, depicted the storms of adversity as blown over, and an adored brother as restored to her once more, and enjoying with her the society of a man valuable in himself, and endeared to that brother by the strongest ties of friendship and connection.

Such was the magical delusion that
had

had overspread the mind of Eugenie, and had rendered her indifferent to the personal defects of Chevreille.—He was, at least, double her age; he had never been remarkable for beauty, even in his youthful days, and a long course of uninterrupted debauchery had impaired his constitution, and had added a haggard look to a countenance not originally prepossessing; his eyes had fire and expression, but this expression was of the most sinister kind, and when the mask of hypocrisy was laid aside for a moment, afforded no bad indication of the infamous passions that rankled in his corrupted soul. In spite of all these disadvantages, by employing the various wiles of the most refined dissimulation, and by artfully availing himself of the peculiar situation into which Eugenie was thrown, Chevreille had succeeded in creating an interest in a breast formed only for the
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the purest and most noble sentiments, and that unhappy girl was on the point of executing her generous, but imprudent resolution, in spite of the tears and entreaties of her distracted friend, when their discourse was interrupted by a servant's announcing at the same time, the return of Chevreuille's messenger, and the arrival of Madame de Latouche, a *lady* who had lately become an inhabitant of that neighbourhood.—“How unfortunate!” exclaimed Eugenie. “What can be the motive of this visit, at so early an hour? I must devise some means of escaping unseen.” Madame de Flavigny, who in her present state, was inwardly delighted with any thing that promised a respite, were it for ever so short a time, began to represent to Eugenie that such an expedient was impracticable, as she must pass through the room in which Madame de Latouche then was, when
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the latter overhearing their voices, prevented any further discussion, by bolting into the bed-chamber; and throwing herself into an easy chair, she commenced a speech with her usual volubility. —“Well ladies, you ought to be very thankful to me for all the fatigue I have taken on your account, for I am nearly out of breath, with running almost the whole way, from *Bourg-la-reine*, that I might be sure to find you at home.” —“You are extremely kind,” returned Eugenie, with a tone and manner that would have suited any one better than herself, “but we are not so much in the habit of going out, that you should have been under any apprehension on that score.” —“Yes, yes,” resumed Madame de Latouche, “very true, but I do not like to leave any thing to chance, and when you have heard me out, you will allow that I had good reason for making
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such speed.”—“ I dare say,” answered Eugenie, with increased impatience, “ that you have always excellent reasons for every thing you do; but I must now beg leave to retire for a few minutes, as there is a person below waiting for an answer to this letter, which is upon business of the greatest importance, and as soon as I have dispatched the messenger, I will return to you without delay.”—So saying, she made a step or two towards the door, but Madame de Flavigny was more expeditious, and got there before Eugenie, whom she besought once more not to be so precipitate, but to hearken to what Madame de Latouche had to say, as it could not detain her very long. “ You must know then,” began afresh the loquacious *Presidente*, “ that I have heard of your amiable behaviour towards the poor children of the village ;
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it is so charming, that I am never tired of talking of it : last night one of your young pupils brought me home some work, which was given to her mother by my woman, who, by the by, is a faithful, honest creature, but a poor hand at her needle, because, before the revolution, she never did any thing but dress my hair, and take care of my laces ; well then, I began to ask the child if she was not very grateful for all your kindness to her ; the poor little soul said she was,—and that she wished you all the happiness in the world ; for that when you first took notice of her and her mother, they were both in danger of starving, but that now they lived very comfortably, in consequence of what Mademoiselle de Brinboc had done for them, and by taking in washing and plain needle work.—What, you wash also, my little dear, said I to the child,

O yes,

O yes, answered she, we wait for two gentlemen, one is the mayor of the village, and the other is a gentleman from Paris; who is very good to us, ever since he heard that I learned to read and write from Mademoiselle de Brinboc. Pray what is the good gentleman's name, my dear? M. de Chevreille, answered the poor innocent.—I made her repeat the name:—Yes, madam, M. de Chevreille, and he sometimes visits Madame de Flavigny, and Mademoiselle de Brinboc.—I am now come," continued Madame de Latouche, "to ask you if this be true, and if so, by what chance such a villain could ever gain admission into your house?" Here she left off speaking, and Eugenie and Madame de Flavigny surveyed each other in silent astonishment, though their countenances bespoke the most opposite emotions; a gleam of hope beamed over that of
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the latter, while the unfortunate Eugenie seemed plunged in the horrors of despondency. Indeed, nothing could be more unexpected, than such an interrogatory, both with regard to the person on whose account it was made, and as to her from whom it came: for their acquaintance with Madame de Latouche had not been of any long standing, although she was a distant relation of Madame de Flavigny's, and had been very well known to Brinboc. At length Eugenie gathering courage, perhaps from the former circumstance, summoned resolution enough to ask Mad. de Latouche in a pretty determined tone of voice, whether she felt fully authorised in bestowing so odious an epithet on one who was only known to her by his good offices, and his long intimacy with her family? "Good offices!" exclaimed Mad. de Latouche, "such as demons perform,

perform, no doubt; and as for his attachment to your family, give me leave to surmise, that you are the very first person of it with whom he ever spoke. Still it would rejoice me to find that I am wrong in this affair, and that I have mistaken a worthy man, for the most execrable wretch in existence.

“Let us examine this matter to the very bottom. In the first place, I heard about a month ago, that a person calling himself M. de Chevreville, but whose real name, is De ———, was prowling about these parts, a circumstance to which I did not then pay much attention, as I am, thank God, at that time of life which will effectually screen me from the attacks of evil designing men; but when I was told last night that this monster had free access to your house, I confess that my hair stood at an end, and I immediately formed the determination

nation of endeavouring to save you from his talons, if not too late." Mad. de Latouche then proceeded to give a short but terrific account of Chevre-ville's infamous history, not omitting the abominable adventure of Marseilles, events which had almost fallen under her own cognizance, from the circumstance of her living in the country where many of them took place, and from her husband having been President of the Parliament of Aix, which tribunal had tried to bring the malefactor to condign punishment. She afterwards gave a minute and correct description of Chevreville, or De ——'s person, whom she affirmed, however, not to have seen for several years, and concluded, by asking if it tallied with the person who had given rise to her suspicions?

Eugenie had stood motionless during the whole of this recital, every circumstance

stance of which added new torture to her feelings; but when the dreadful mass of evidence rushed altogether upon her affrighted mind; when she glanced at the precipice that seemed to open under her feet; when the terrors of imagination represented to her the brother of her heart covered with his own blood, and that of the seducer of his sister's honour; her appalled senses ceased to perform their functions, the fatal paper dropped from her grasp, and she sunk lifeless into the arms of Mad. de Flavigny.

Their first solicitude was to bring Eugenie to herself, after which, Mad. de Latouche whispered to Mad. de Flavigny, "I perceive that I have done some mischief, but I trust that it is only to prevent a much greater one." Just as she pronounced these words, a servant came in, to say that the messenger

was very impatient for an answer, and that he could wait no longer. "He shall have it," answered Mad. de Flavigny, and taking up a scrap of paper, she wrote the following lines :

"Sir,

" We are fully apprised of your intentions, and are prepared to encounter every misfortune, but that 'of lending a hand to our own ruin. You think us entirely in your power, but perhaps we shall be still able to escape your cruel persecution."

As soon as this laconic epistle, without either superscription or signature, was sent off, the two ladies prevailed on Eugenie to go to bed, in the hope of composing her perturbed spirits. The amiable girl complied with her accustomed sweetness of manner, but her dejected looks betrayed the sufferings of her heart; and while Mad. de
Latouche

Latouche was employed in performing the little offices of attentive friendship, which her situation required, Eugenie's eyes, expressive even in their languor, seemed to beg pardon, for the unseemly return she had made at first to her kind interference.

Eugenie was but young, and this was the commencement of her acquaintance with individual profligacy. Those who would fully appreciate the poignancy of her feelings, should cast a retrospect on their past lives, and endeavour to reproduce, for a moment, those painful sensations, inflicted by malice or ingratitude, from those at whose hands a contrary treatment might have been justly and reasonably expected.

Had Eugenie carried into execution her design of going to Paris, there is no one that will not anticipate the irretrievable misfortunes which must have ensued

ensued from so rash a step. But what was really extraordinary, was that she should have been stopped by the almost officious interposition of Mad. de Latouche; for, independently of the small degree of intimacy that reigned between them, there was nothing in the character of the latter, which could have indicated a likelihood of her thus exerting herself in favour of any one. The *Presidente* was a woman of a cold disposition, bordering upon apathy, in regard to every thing that did not immediately concern herself, and her benevolence was solely confined to words, of which it must be allowed she was by no means sparing. She had spent the former part of her life, between easy idleness, and modish frivolity, and for want of other employment, she was now fain to eke out the tedious hours in lamenting her fallen fortune, and in ex-

ecrating those whom she considered as the authors of her mishaps. Whether she comprehended Chevreuil under the latter general description, or whether she had any personal dislike to him, cannot now be ascertained exactly, but certain it is, that on this occasion, she displayed a zeal and activity in frustrating the schemes of that atrocious villain, which must entitle her to a considerable degree of praise and admiration, whatever might have been the secret springs that induced her to act in a manner so little analogous to her usual line of conduct. The order of time and events requires that we should leave the gentle Eugenie to the maternal care of Mad. de Flavigny, and return to Brin-boc, who was far from suspecting the trials under which his beloved sister was suffering at the moment.

